

CONSTRUCTIVE

❧ ENGLISH ❧

❑ A·COURSE·OF·ILLUS-
TRATED·READINGS·WITH
EXERCISES·IN·LANGUAGE
AND·COMPOSITION ❑

❧

EDITED·BY
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BOOK·III

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

THIS series is designed to furnish a complete course of instruction in English for elementary schools. It consists, first, of six books containing illustrated reading lessons, graded to the age and attainments of the pupils, and long enough to be interesting in themselves. In the first two books no printed exercises are given, the pupils being sufficiently occupied with the initial difficulties of reading; but teachers' books are provided, giving full suggestions as to the treatment of the reading matter in class, and a collection of exercises for oral work or the blackboard. In the remaining books, from the third onwards, exercises are appended to the reading lessons, and are intended to be worked by the pupils under the guidance of the teacher. These exercises are framed to assist the child in the appreciation and the use of words, and in the practice of composition. The last four books also are accompanied by books for the teacher, in which further suggestions are made, suited to the stages of progress attained by the pupils. It is hoped that the whole series will form a complete course of English, in accordance with the views and recommendations of the committees that have reported on the educational use of this subject.

The preparation of the books was originally undertaken by Mr. G. Clifford Dent, author of the well-known *Exercises in Prose Literature and Composition*. The work, interrupted by his sudden illness and death when no more than the selection of passages had been done, has now been completed by Mr. H. A. Treble, who has revised the selection, added much new matter, and prepared the whole of the teaching material and the exercises.

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JACKANAPES AND THE DUCKLING

1. THE Grey Goose remembered quite well the year that Jackanapes began to walk, for it was the year that the speckled hen for the first time in all her motherly life got out of patience when she was sitting. She had been rather proud of the eggs—they were unusually large—but she never felt quite comfortable on them; and whether it was because she used to get cramp, and go off the nest, or because the season was bad, or what, she never could tell, but every egg was addled but one, and the one that did hatch gave her more trouble than any chick she had ever reared.

2. It was a fine downy, bright yellow little thing, but it had a monstrous big nose and feet, and such an ungainly walk as she knew no other instance of in her well-bred and high-stepping family.

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3. As to behaviour, it was not that it was either quarrelsome or moping, but simply unlike the rest. When the other chicks hopped and cheeped on the Green about their mothers' feet, this solitary yellow brat went waddling off on its own responsibility, and do or cluck what the speckled hen would, it went to play in the Pond.

4. It was off one day as usual, and the hen was fussing and fuming after it, when the Postman, going to deliver a letter at Miss Jessamine's door, was nearly knocked over by the good lady herself, who, bursting out of the house with her cap just off and her bonnet just not on, fell into his arms, crying—

“Baby! Baby! Jackanapes! Jackanapes!”

5. If the Postman loved anything on earth, he loved the Captain's yellow-haired child, so propping Miss Jessamine against her own door-post, he followed the direction of her trembling fingers and made for the Green.

6. Jackanapes had had the start of the Postman by nearly ten minutes. The world—the round green world with an oak tree on it—was just becoming very interesting to him. He had tried, vigorously but ineffectually, to mount a passing pig the last time he was taken out walking; but then he was encumbered with a nurse. Now he

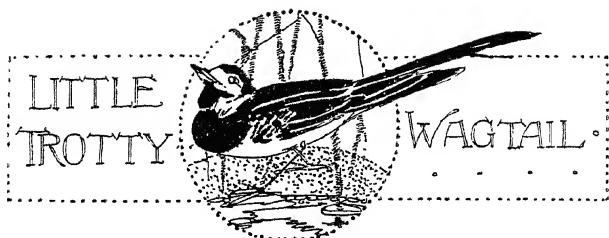
was his own master, and might, by courage and energy, become the master of that delightful, downy, dumpy, yellow thing, that was bobbing along over the green grass in front of him.

7. Forward! Charge! He aimed well, and grabbed it, but only to feel the delicious downiness and dumpiness slipping through his fingers as he fell upon his face. "Quawk!" said the yellow thing, and wobbled off sideways.

8. It was this oblique movement that enabled Jackanapes to come up with it, for it was bound for the Pond, and therefore obliged to come back into line. He failed again from top-heaviness, and his prey escaped sideways as before, and, as before, lost ground in getting back to the direct road to the Pond.

9. And at the Pond the Postman found them both, one yellow thing rocking safely on the ripples that lie beyond duck-weed, and the other washing his draggled frock with tears, because he too had tried to sit upon the Pond, and it wouldn't hold him.

From *Jackanapes*,
by MRS. EWING.



LITTLE Trotty Wagtail, he went out in the rain,
And twittering, tottering sideways he ne'er got
straight again.

He stopped to get a worm, and looked up to get
a fly,
And then he flew away ere his feathers they were dry.

Little Trotty Wagtail, he waddled in the mud,
And left his little footmarks, trample where he
would.

He waddled in the water-pudge, and waggle went
his tail,
And chirrupt up his wings to dry upon the garden
rail.

Little Trotty Wagtail, you nimble all about,
And in the dimpling water-pudge you waddle in
and out;

Your home is nigh at hand, and in the warm pig-
stye,

So, little Master Wagtail, I'll bid you a good-bye.

JOHN CLARE.



1. My next work was to view the country and seek a proper place for my habitation. There was a hill, not above a mile from me, which rose up very steep and high, and which seemed to overtop some other hills, which lay as in a ridge from it, northward. I took out one of the fowling-pieces and one of the pistols, and a horn of powder; and thus armed, I travelled for discovery up to the top of that hill, where, after I had with great labour and difficulty got to the top, I saw that I was in an island environed every way with the sea, no land to be seen, except some rocks which lay a great way off, and two small islands less than this, which lay about three leagues to the west.

2. I found also that the island I was in was barren, and, as I saw good reason to believe, uninhabited, except by wild beasts, of whom, however, I saw none, yet I saw abundance of fowls, but knew not their kinds.

3. At my coming back, I shot at a great bird which I saw sitting upon a tree on the side of a great wood. I believe it was the first gun that had been fired there since the creation of the world. I had no sooner fired, but from all the parts of the wood there arose an innumerable number of fowls of many sorts, making a confused screaming, and crying every one according to his usual note; but not one of them of any kind that I knew. As for the creature I killed, I took it to be a kind of a hawk, its colour and beak resembling it, but had no talons or claws more than common; its flesh was carrion, and fit for nothing.

4. I now began to consider that I might yet get a great many things out of the ship which would be useful to me, and particularly some of the rigging and sails; and I resolved to make another voyage to the vessel, if possible. I got on board as before, and prepared a second raft; on which I brought away several things very useful to me; as first in the carpenter's stores I found two or three bags full of nails and spikes,

a great screw-jack, a dozen or two of hatchets, and above all, a grindstone. All these I secured, together with several things belonging to the gunner, particularly two or three iron crows, and two barrels of musket bullets, several muskets, and another fowling-piece, with some small quantity of powder more; a large bag full of small-shot, and a great roll of sheet-lead; but this last was so heavy, I could not hoist it up to get it over the ship's side. Besides these things, I took all the men's clothes that I could find, and a spare fore-top sail, a hammock, and some bedding; and with this I loaded my second raft, and brought them all safe on shore, to my very great comfort.

5. Having got my second cargo on shore, I went to work to make me a little tent with the sail and some poles which I cut for that purpose; and into this tent I brought everything that I knew would spoil either with rain or sun; and I piled all the empty chests and casks up in a circle round the tent, to fortify it from any sudden attempt either from man or beast.

6. When I had done this I blocked up the door of the tent with some boards within, and an empty chest set up on end without; and spreading one of the beds upon the ground, laying my two

pistols just at my head, and my gun at length by me, I went to bed for the first time, and slept very quietly all night, for I was very weary and heavy; for the night before I had slept little, and had laboured very hard all day.

7. I had the biggest magazine of all kinds now that ever was laid up, I believe, for one man; but I was not satisfied still, for while the ship sat upright in that posture, I thought I ought to get everything out of her that I could. So every day, at low water, I went on board and brought away something or other, as much of the rigging as I could, and all the sails, only that I was fain to cut them in pieces, and bring as much at a time as I could. But that which comforted me more still was, that when I thought I had nothing more to expect from the ship that was worth my meddling with, I found a great hogshead of bread, and three large runlets of rum, and a box of sugar, and a barrel of fine flour. I soon emptied the hogshead of that bread, and wrapped it up in pieces of the sails; and, in a word, I got all this safe on shore also.

8. I had been now thirteen days on shore, and had been eleven times on board the ship. But preparing the twelfth time to go on board, I found the wind begin to rise. However, at low

water I went on board, discovered a locker with drawers in it, in one of which I found two or three razors, and one pair of large scissors, with some ten or a dozen of good knives and forks; and then, letting myself down into the water, I swam across the channel, which lay between the ship and the sands, and even that with difficulty enough, partly with the weight of the things I had about me, and partly the roughness of the water; for the wind rose very hastily, and before it was quite high water, it blew a storm.

9. But I was gotten home to my little tent, where I lay with all my wealth about me very secure. It blew very hard all that night, and in the morning, when I looked out, behold, no more ship was to be seen. I was a little surprised, but recovered myself with this satisfactory reflection, that I had lost no time to get everything out of her that could be useful to me.

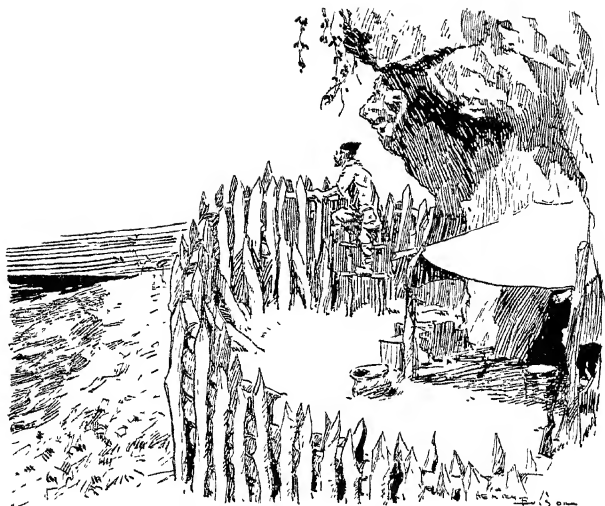
10. My thoughts were now wholly employed about securing myself against either savages, if any should appear, or wild beasts, if any were in the island; and I had many thoughts of the method how to do this, and what kind of dwelling to make. I soon found the place I was in was not for my settlement, particularly because it was upon a low moorish ground near the sea, and I

believed would not be wholesome, and more particularly because there was no fresh water near it. So I resolved to find a more healthy and more convenient spot of ground.

11. I consulted several things in my situation, which I found would be proper for me. First, health and fresh water. Secondly, shelter from the heat of the sun. Thirdly, security from ravenous creatures whether men or beasts. Fourthly, a view to the sea, that if God sent any ship in sight, I might not lose any advantage for my deliverance, of which I was not willing to banish all my expectation yet.

12. In search of a place proper for this, I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, as steep as a houseside, so that nothing could come down upon me from the top; on the side of this rock there was a hollow place, worn a little way in, like the entrance or door of a cave; but there was not really any cave, or way into the rock at all.

13. On the flat of the green, just before this hollow place, I resolved to pitch my tent. This plain was not above an hundred yards broad, and about twice as long, and at the end of it descended irregularly every way down into the low grounds by the seaside. It was on the N.N.W. side of the hill, so that I was sheltered from the



heat every day, till it came to a W. and by S. sun, or thereabouts, which in those countries is near the setting.

14. Before I set up my tent, I drew a half-circle before the hollow place, about ten yards in its semi-diameter from the rock, and twenty yards in its diameter from its beginning and ending. In this half-circle I pitched two rows of strong stakes, driving them into the ground till they stood very firm like piles, the biggest end being out of the ground about five feet and a half, and sharpened on the top. The two rows did not stand above six inches from one another.

15. Then I took some pieces of cable which

I had cut in the ship, and laid them in rows upon one another, within the circle, between these two rows of stakes, up to the top, placing other stakes in the inside leaning against them, about two feet and a half high, like a spur to a post; and this fence was so strong that neither man nor beast could get into it or over it. The entrance into this place I made to be not by a door, but by a short ladder to go over the top; which ladder, when I was in, I lifted over after me, and so I was completely fenced in, and fortified, as I thought, from all the world.

16. Into this fence or fortress I carried all my stores; and I made me a large tent, which, to preserve me from the rains that in one part of the year are very violent there, I made double, viz., one smaller tent within, and one larger tent above it, and covered the uppermost with a large tarpaulin, which I had saved among the sails. Into this tent I brought all my provisions and everything that would spoil by the wet; and having thus enclosed all my goods, I made up the entrance which, till now, I had left open, and so passed and repassed, as I said, by a short ladder.

17. When I had done this, I began to work my way into the rock; and bringing all the earth and stones that I dug down out through my tent, I laid them

up within my fence in the nature of a terrace, so that it raised the ground within about a foot and a half; and thus I made me a cave just behind my tent, which served me like a cellar to my house.

18. In the interval of time while this was doing, I went out once, at least, every day with my gun. The first time I went out, I discovered that there were goats in the island, which was a great satisfaction to me, but they were so shy, so subtle, and so swift of foot, that it was the difficultest thing in the world to come at them. I observed if they saw me in the valleys, though they were upon the rocks, they would run away as in a terrible fright; but if they were feeding in the valleys, and I was upon the rocks, they took no notice of me, from whence I concluded that, by the position of their optics, their sight was so directed downward, that they did not readily see objects that were above them. So afterwards I took this method; I always climbed the rocks first to get above them, and then had frequently a fair mark.

19. The first shot I made I killed a she-goat, which had a little kid by her; but when the old one fell, the kid stood stock still by her till I came and took her up; and not only so, but when I carried the old

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one with me, the kid followed me quite to my enclosure; upon which I laid down the dam, and took the kid in my arms, and carried it over my pale, in hopes to have bred it up tame; but it would not eat, so I was forced to kill it and eat it myself. These two supplied me with flesh a great while, for I ate sparingly, and saved my provisions, my bread especially, as much as I possibly could.

From *Robinson Crusoe*,

by DANIEL DEFOE.





A DREAM

ONCE a dream did weave a shade
O'er my Angel-guarded bed,
That an emmet lost its way
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, 'wildered, and forlorn,
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray,
All heart-broke I heard her say :

“ Oh, my children ! do they cry ?
Do they hear their father sigh ?
Now they look abroad to see :
Now return and weep for me.”

Pitying, I dropped a tear ;
But I saw a glow-worm near,
Who replied : “ What wailing wight
Calls the watchman of the night ?

“ I am set to light the ground,
While the beetle goes his round :
Follow now the beetle's hum ;
Little wanderer, hie thee home.”

W. BLAKE.



PART I

1. THERE was once a woman who wished for a very little child; but she did not know where she could procure one. So she went to an old witch, and said :

“I do so very much wish for a little child ! Can you not tell me where I can get one ? ”

“Oh, that could easily be managed ! ” said the witch. “There you have a barleycorn : it is not of the kind which grows in the field, and which the chickens get to eat. Put it into a flower-pot, and you shall see what you shall see.”

“Thank you,” said the woman; and she gave the witch a penny.

2. Then she went home and planted the barley-corn, and immediately there grew up a great handsome flower, which looked like a tulip; but

the leaves were tightly closed, as though it were still a bud.

3. "It is a beautiful flower," said the woman; and she kissed its beautiful yellow and red leaves. Just as she kissed it the flower opened with a loud crack. It was a real tulip, as one could now see; but in the middle of the flower there sat upon the green stamens a little maiden, delicate and graceful to behold. She was scarcely half a thumb's length in height, and therefore she was called Thumbelina.

4. A neat polished walnut-shell served Thumbelina for a cradle, blue violet leaves were her mattresses, with a rose-leaf her coverlet. There she slept at night; but in the daytime she played upon the table, where the woman had put a plate with a wreath of flowers around it, whose stalks stood in water; on the water floated a great tulip-leaf, and on this the little maiden could sit, and row from one side of the plate to the other, with two white horsehairs for oars. That looked pretty indeed! She could also sing so daintily and sweetly, that the like had never been heard.

5. One night as she lay in her pretty bed, there came a horrid old Toad hopping in at the window, where one pane was broken. The Toad was very ugly, big, and damp: it hopped straight

down upon the table, where Thumbelina lay sleeping under the red rose leaf.

6. "That would be a handsome wife for my son," said the Toad; and she took the walnut-shell in which Thumbelina lay asleep, and hopped with it through the window down into the garden.

7. There ran a great broad brook; the margin was swampy and soft, and here the Toad dwelt with her son. Ugh! he was ugly, and looked just like his mother. "Croak! croak! brek-kek-kex!" that was all he could say when he saw the graceful little maiden in the walnut-shell.

8. "Don't speak so loud, or she will awake," said the old Toad. "She might run away from us yet, for she is as light as a bit of swan's-down. We will put her out in the brook upon one of the broad water-lily leaves. That will be just like an island for her, she is so small and light. Then she can't get away, while we put the state-room under the mud in order, where you are to live and keep house together."

9. Out in the brook there grew many water-lilies with broad green leaves, which looked as if they were floating loose on the water. The leaf which lay farthest out was also the greatest of all, and to that the old Toad swam out and laid

the walnut-shell upon it with Thumbelina inside. The poor little thing woke early in the morning, and when she saw where she was, she began to cry very bitterly; for there was water on every side of the great green leaf, and she could not get to land at all.

10. The old Toad sat down in the mud, decking out her room with sedges and yellow water-lilies—it was to be made very pretty for the new daughter-in-law; then she swam out, with her ugly son, to the leaf on which Thumbelina lay. They wanted to take her pretty bed, to put it in the bridal chamber before she went in there herself. The old Toad bowed low before her in the water, and said:

“Here is my son; he will be your husband, and you will live splendidly together in the mud.”

“Croak! croak! brek-kek-kex!” was all the son could say.

11. Then they took the elegant little bed, and swam away with it; but Thumbelina sat all alone upon the green leaf and wept, for she did not like to live at the nasty Toad’s, and have her ugly son for a husband. The little fishes swimming in the water below had both seen the Toad, and had also heard what she said, and so they stretched

forth their heads, for they wanted to see the little girl.

12. So soon as they saw her they thought her so pretty that they felt very sorry she should have to go down to the ugly Toad. No, that must never be ! They gathered together in the water around the green stalk which held the leaf whereon the little maiden stood, and with their teeth they gnawed away the stalk, and so the leaf swam down the stream ; and away went Thumbelina far away, where the Toad could not get at her.

13. Thumbelina sailed by many places, and the little birds which sat in the bushes saw her, and said, "What a lovely little girl !" The leaf swam away with her, farther and farther ; so Thumbelina travelled out of the country.

14. A graceful little white butterfly continued to flutter round her, and at last alighted on the leaf. Thumbelina pleased him, and she was delighted now that the Toad could not reach her ; and it was so beautiful where she was floating along—the sun shone upon the water, it was just like shining gold. She took her girdle and bound one end of it round the butterfly, fastening the other end to the leaf, which now glided onward much faster.

15. A big Cockchafer came flying up ; and he



saw her, and immediately clasped his claws round her slender waist, and flew with her up into a tree. The green leaf went swimming down the brook, and the butterfly with it.

16. Mercy! how frightened poor little Thum-
belina was when the Cockchafer flew with her
up into the tree! But especially she was sorry
for the fine white butterfly whom she had bound
fast to the leaf, for, if he could not free himself
from it, he would be starved to death. The Cock-
chafer, however, did not trouble himself at all
about this. He seated himself with her upon the
biggest green leaf of the tree, gave her the sweet
part of the flowers to eat, and declared that she

was very pretty, though she did not in the least resemble a cockchafer. Afterwards all the other cockchafers who lived in the tree came to pay a visit: they looked at Thumbelina, and the lady cockchafers shrugged their feelers and said:

“Why, she has no more than two legs!—that has a wretched look.”

“She has not any feelers!” cried another.

“Her waist is quite slender—fie! She looks like a human creature—how ugly she is!” said all the lady cockchafers.

17. And yet Thumbelina was very pretty. The Cockchafer who had carried her off thought so; but when all the others declared she was ugly, he believed it at last, and would not have her at all—she might go whither she liked. Then they flew down with her from the tree, and set her upon a daisy, and she wept, because she was so ugly that the cockchafers would not have her; and yet she was the loveliest little being one could imagine, and as tender and delicate as a rose-leaf.

18. The whole summer through poor Thumbelina lived quite alone in the great wood. She wove herself a bed out of blades of grass, and hung it up under a large burdock leaf, so that she was protected from the rain; she plucked the honey

out of the flowers for food, and drank of the dew which stood every morning upon the leaves.

PART II

19. Thus summer and autumn passed away; but now came winter, the cold long winter. All the birds who had sung so sweetly to her flew away; trees and flowers shed their leaves; the great burdock leaf under which she had lived shrivelled up, and there remained nothing of it but a yellow withered stalk; and she was dreadfully cold, for her clothes were torn, and she herself was so frail and delicate—poor little Thumbelina! she was nearly frozen. It began to snow, and every snow-flake that fell upon her was like a whole shovelful thrown upon one of us, for we are tall, and she was only an inch long. Then she wrapped herself in a dry leaf, but that would not warm her—she shivered with cold.

20. Close to the wood into which she had now come lay a great corn-field, but the corn was gone long ago; only the naked dry stubble stood up out of the frozen ground. These were just like a great forest for her to wander through; and, oh! how she trembled with cold. At last she arrived at the door of the Field Mouse. This mouse had a

little hole under the stubble. There she lived, warm and comfortable, and had a whole roomful of corn—a glorious kitchen and larder. Poor Thumbelina stood at the door just like a poor beggar girl, and begged for a little bit of a barley-corn, for she had not had the smallest morsel to eat for the last two days.

21. “You poor little creature,” said the Field Mouse—for after all she was a good old Field Mouse—“come into my warm room and dine with me.”

As she was pleased with Thumbelina, she said, “If you like you may stay with me through the winter, but you must keep my room clean and neat, and tell me stories, for I am very fond of them.”

So Thumbelina did as the kind old Field Mouse bade her, and had a very good time of it.

22. “We shall soon have a visitor,” said the Field Mouse. “My neighbour is in the habit of visiting me once a week. He is even better off than I am, has great rooms, and a beautiful black velvety fur. If you could only get him for your husband you would be well provided for; but he cannot see at all. You must tell him the very prettiest stories you know.”

23. But Thumbelina did not care about this;

she would not have the neighbour at all, for he was a Mole. He came and paid his visits in his black velvet coat. The Field Mouse told how rich and how learned he was, and how his house was more than twenty times larger than hers; that he was learned, but that he did not like the sun and beautiful flowers, and said nasty things about them, for he had never seen them.

24. Thumbelina had to sing, and she sang, "Cockchafer, fly away," and, "When the parson goes afield." Then the Mole fell in love with her, because of her delicious voice; but he said nothing, for he was a sedate man.

25. A short time before, he had dug a long passage through the earth from his own house to theirs; and Thumbelina and the Field Mouse obtained leave to walk in this passage as much as they wished. But he begged them not to be afraid of the dead bird which was lying in the passage. It was an entire bird, with wings and a beak. It certainly must have died only a short time before, when the winter began, and was now buried just where the Mole had made his passage.

26. The Mole took a bit of decayed wood in his mouth, for that glimmers like fire in the dark; and then he went first and lighted them through

the long dark passage. When they came where the dead bird lay, the Mole thrust up his broad nose against the ceiling and pushed the earth, so that a great hole was made, through which the daylight could shine down. In the middle of the floor lay a dead Swallow, his beautiful wings pressed close against his sides, and his head and feet drawn in under his feathers: the poor bird had certainly died of cold.

27. Thumbelina was very sorry for this; she was very fond of all the little birds, who had sung and twittered so prettily for her through the summer; but the Mole gave him a push with his short legs, and said, "Now he doesn't pipe any more. It must be miserable to be born a little bird. I'm thankful that none of my children can be that: such a bird has nothing but his 'tweet-tweet,' and has to starve in the winter!"

"Yes, you may well say that, like a sensible man," observed the Field Mouse. "Of what use is all this 'tweet-tweet' to a bird when the winter comes? He must starve and freeze."

28. Thumbelina said nothing; but when the two others turned their backs on the bird, she bent down, put aside the feathers which covered his head, and kissed him upon his closed eyes.

29. "Perhaps it was he who sang so prettily



to me in the summer," she thought. "How much pleasure he gave me, the dear beautiful bird!"

30. The Mole now closed up the hole through which the daylight shone in, and took the ladies home. But at night Thumbelina could not sleep at all; so she got up out of her bed, wove a large beautiful carpet of hay, carried it and spread it over the dead bird, and laid soft cotton, which she had found in the Field Mouse's room, at the bird's sides, so that he might lie warm in the cold ground.

31. "Farewell, you pretty little bird!" said she. "Farewell! and thanks to you for your beautiful song in the summer, when all the trees were green, and the sun shone down warmly upon us." And then she laid her head on the bird's breast, but at once was greatly startled, for it felt as if something were beating inside there. That was the bird's heart. The bird was not dead; he was only lying there torpid with cold; and now he had been warmed, and came to life again.

32. In autumn all the swallows fly away to warm countries; but if one happens to be left behind, it becomes so cold that it falls down as if dead, and lies where it falls, and then the cold snow covers it.

33. Thumbelina fairly trembled, she was so startled; for the bird was large, very large compared with her, who was only an inch in height. But she took courage, laid the cotton closer round the poor bird, and brought a leaf of mint that she had used as her own coverlet, and laid it over the bird's head.

34. The next night she crept out to him again—and now he was alive, but quite weak; he could only open his eyes for a moment, and look at Thumbelina, who stood before him with a bit of decayed wood in her hand, for she had no other lantern.

35. "I thank you, you pretty little child," said the sick Swallow; "I have been famously warmed. Soon I shall get my strength back again, and I shall be able to fly about in the warm sunshine."

"Oh," she said, "it is so cold outside. It snows and freezes. Stay in your warm bed, and I will nurse you."

36. Then she brought the Swallow water in the petal of a flower; and the Swallow drank, and told her how he had torn one of his wings in a thorn-bush, and thus had not been able to fly as fast as the other swallows, which had sped away, far away, to the warm countries. So at last he had fallen to the ground, but he could

remember nothing more, and did not know at all how he had come where she had found him.

PART III

37. The whole winter the Swallow remained there, and Thumbelina nursed and tended him lovingly. Neither the Field Mouse nor the Mole heard anything about it, for they did not like the poor Swallow. So soon as the spring came, and the sun warmed the earth, the Swallow bade Thumbelina farewell, and she opened the hole which the Mole had made in the ceiling. The sun shone in upon them gloriously, and the Swallow asked if Thumbelina would go with him; she could sit upon his back, and they would fly away far into the green wood. But Thumbelina knew that the old Field Mouse would be grieved if she left her.

“No, I cannot!” said Thumbelina.

38. “Farewell, farewell, you good, pretty girl!” said the Swallow; and he flew out into the sunshine. Thumbelina looked after him, and the tears came into her eyes, for she was so fond of the poor Swallow.

“Tweet-weet! tweet-weet!” sang the bird, and flew into the green forest.

39. Thumbelina felt very sad. She did not get leave to go out into the warm sunshine. The corn which was sown in the field over the house of the Field Mouse grew up high into the air; it was quite a thick wood for the poor girl, who was only an inch in height.

“Now you must work at your outfit this summer,” said the Field Mouse to her; for her neighbour, the tiresome Mole with the velvet coat, had proposed to her. “You shall have both woollen and linen clothes; you will lack nothing when you have become the Mole’s wife.”

40. Thumbelina had to turn the spindle, and the Mole hired four spiders to spin and weave for her day and night. Every evening the Mole paid her a visit; and he was always saying that when the summer should draw to a close, the sun would not shine nearly so hot, for now it burned the earth almost as hard as a stone. Yes, when the summer should have gone, then he would keep his wedding day with Thumbelina. But she was not glad at all, for she did not like the tiresome Mole.

41. Every morning when the sun rose, and every evening when it went down, she crept out at the door; and when the wind blew the corn ears apart, so that she could see the blue sky, she thought.

how bright and beautiful it was out here, and wished so much to see her dear Swallow again. But the Swallow did not come back; he had doubtless flown far away, in the fair green forest. When autumn came on, Thumbelina had all her outfit ready.

42. "In four weeks you shall have your wedding," said the Field Mouse to her.

But Thumbelina wept, and declared she would not have the tiresome Mole.

"Nonsense," said the Field Mouse; "don't be obstinate, or I will bite you with my white teeth. He is a very fine man whom you will marry. The queen herself has not such a black velvet fur; and his kitchen and cellar are full. Be thankful for your good fortune."

43. The wedding was to be held. The Mole had already come to fetch Thumbelina; she was to live with him, deep under the earth, and never to come out into the warm sunshine, for that he did not like. The poor little thing was very sad; she was now to say farewell to the glorious sun, which, after all, she had been allowed by the Field Mouse to see from the threshold of the door.

44. "Farewell, thou bright sun!" she said, and stretched out her arms towards it, and walked



a little way forth from the house of the Field Mouse, for now the corn had been reaped, and only the dry stubble stood in the fields. "Farewell!" she repeated, and threw her little arms round a little red flower which still bloomed there. "Greet the dear Swallow from me, if you see him again."

45. "Tweet-weet! tweet-weet!" a voice suddenly sounded over her head. She looked up; it was the Swallow, who was just flying by. When he saw Thumbelina he was very glad; and Thumbelina told him how loth she was to have the ugly Mole for her husband, and that she was to live deep under the earth, where the

sun never shone. And she could not keep from weeping.

46. "The cold winter is coming now," said the Swallow. "I am going to fly far away into the warm countries. Will you come with me? You can sit upon my back; only tie yourself fast with your sash; then we shall fly from the ugly Mole and his dark room—away, far away, over the mountains, to the warm countries, where the sun shines more beautifully than here, where it is always summer, and there are lovely flowers. Only fly with me, you dear little Thumbelina, you who saved my life when I lay frozen in the dark earthy passage."

47. "Yes, I will go with you!" said Thumbelina, and she seated herself on the bird's back, with her feet on his outspread wings, and bound her girdle fast to one of his strongest feathers. Then the Swallow flew up into the air over forest and over sea, high up over the great mountains, where the snow always lies; and Thumbelina felt cold in the bleak air, but then she crept under the bird's warm feathers, and only put out her little head to admire all the beauties beneath her.

48. At last they came to the warm countries. There the sun shone far brighter than here; the sky seemed twice as high; in ditches and on

the hedges grew the most beautiful blue and green grapes; lemons and oranges hung in the woods; the air was fragrant with myrtles and balsams, and on the roads the loveliest children ran about, playing with the gay butterflies. But the Swallow flew still farther, and it became more and more beautiful. Under the most glorious green trees by the blue lake stood a palace of dazzling white marble, from the olden time. Vines clustered around the lofty pillars; at the top were many swallows' nests, and in one of these lived the Swallow who carried Thumbelina.

49. "Here is my house," said the Swallow. "But if you will select for yourself one of the splendid flowers which grow down yonder, then I will put you into it, and you shall have everything as nice as you can wish."

"That is capital," cried she, and clapped her little hands.

50. A great marble pillar lay there, which had fallen to the ground and had been broken into three pieces; but between these pieces grew the most beautiful great white flowers. The Swallow flew down with Thumbelina, and set her upon one of the broad leaves. But how great was the little maid's surprise! There sat a little man in the midst of the flower, as white and transparent

as if he had been made of glass; he wore the daintiest of gold crowns on his head, and the brightest wings on his shoulders; he himself was not bigger than Thumbelina. He was the fairy of the flower. In each of the flowers dwelt such a little man or woman, but this one was king over them all.

“Heavens! how beautiful he is!” whispered Thumbelina to the Swallow.

51. The little prince was very much frightened at the Swallow; for it was quite a gigantic bird to him, who was so small. But when he saw Thumbelina, he became very glad; she was the prettiest maiden he had ever seen. Therefore he took off his golden crown, and put it upon her, asked her name, and if she would be his wife, and then she should be queen of all the flowers.

52. Now this was truly a different kind of man from the son of the Toad, and the Mole with the black velvet fur. So she said “Yes” to the charming prince. And out of every flower came a lady or a lord, so pretty to behold that it was a delight. Each one brought Thumbelina a present; but the best gift was a pair of beautiful wings which had belonged to a great white fly; these were fastened to Thumbelina’s back, and now she could fly from flower to flower. Then there was

much rejoicing; and the Swallow sat above them in his nest, and sang for them his very best; but yet in his heart he was sad, for he was very fond of Thumbelina, and would have liked never to part from her.

53. "You shall not be called Thumbelina!" said the Flower Prince to her. "That is an ugly name, and you are too fair for it—we will call you Maia."

54. "Farewell, farewell!" said the Swallow, and he flew away again from the warm countries, far away back to Denmark. There he had a little nest over the window of the man who can tell fairy tales. To him he sang "Tweet-weet! tweet-weet!" and from him we have the whole story.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.





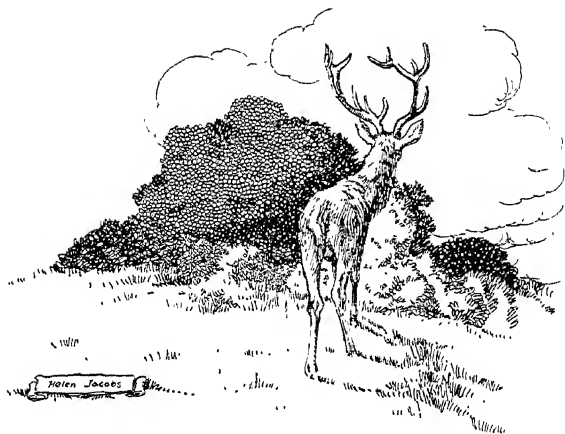
THE lights from the parlour and kitchen shone out
Through the blinds and the windows and bars;
And high overhead and all moving about,

There were thousands of millions of stars.
There ne'er were such thousands of leaves on a tree,
Nor of people in church or the park,
As the crowds of the stars that looked down upon
me,
And that glittered and winked in the dark.

The Dog, and the Plough, and the Hunter, and all,
And the star of the sailor, and Mars,
These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall
Would be half full of water and stars.

They saw me at last, and they chased me with cries,
And they soon had me packed into bed;
But the glory kept shining and bright in my eyes,
And the stars going round in my head.

R. L. STEVENSON.



THE DEER'S ESCAPE

1. PRESENTLY a hind came up, cantering anxiously through the plantation, for she had laid her calf down and did not wish to go far from him. She blundered on so close to the Stag that he would have got up and driven her away if he had not been afraid of being seen. But she passed on, and very soon the hounds came up after her.

2. Then the man brought the white horse across them, trying hard to stop them from her line, but he could not use his whip; and they only swerved past him, still running hard, straight to the bed of the Stag. Up he jumped, his glossy coat gleaming bright in the sun, and every

hound leaped forward with a cry of exultation as he rose.

3. He went off at the top of his speed straight through the plantation, for he knew that he had the better of the hounds through the thicket. But they ran harder than he had ever known since the day when they had driven him to sea as a yearling, and, as he could find no other deer, he made up his mind to cross the moor for the friendly valley where he had lived so long. So turning his head from the sea he leaped out of the plantation, and ran down to the water below.

4. He would gladly have taken a bath then and there, but the hounds were too close; so splashing boldly through it, he cantered aslant up the steep hill beyond as though it had been level ground. When he gained the top, he felt the West Wind strike cool upon him, and saw the long waves of heather and grass rise before him till they met the sky. Then he set his face bravely for the highest point, for beyond it was the refuge that he sought.

5. On he went, and on and on, cantering steadily but very fast, for though he heard no sound of their tongues he knew that the hounds were racing after him, as mute as mice. The blackcock fled away screaming before him, the

hawk high in air wheeled aside as he passed; but on he went through the sweet pink heather, without pausing to notice them.

6. Then the heather became sparse and thin, growing only in ragged tufts amid the rank red grass and sheets of white bog flower. He had lain in this wet ground many times, but no deer was there to help him to-day. Then the wet ground was passed and the heather came again, sound and firm, sloping to a brown peat-stream. Never had its song sounded so sweet in his ears, never had he longed more for a bath in the amber water; but the hounds were still racing and he dared not wait. So he splashed on through the stream and up another ridge, where the heather grew but thinly amid a wilderness of hot stones.

7. The sun smote fiercely upon him, and the air was close as he cantered down from the ridge into the combe beyond it; but he cared not, for he knew that there again was water. He ran up it for a few yards, but only for a few yards, for the hounds were still running their hardest, and he must wait till the great slope of grass before him was past.

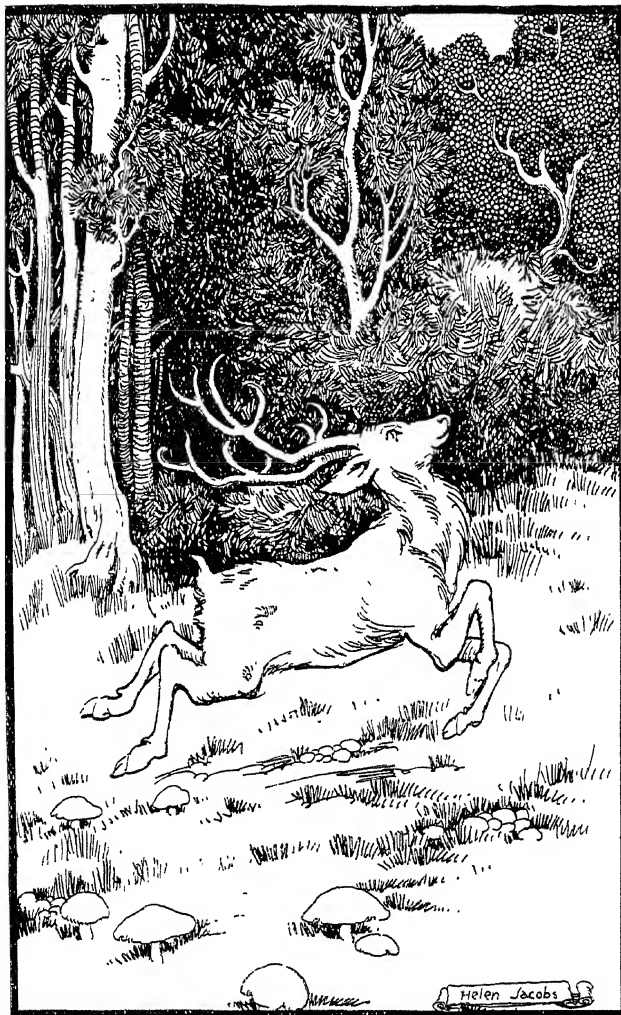
8. So he breasted it gallantly, up, and up, and up. The grass was thick over the treacherous ground, but his foot was still too light to pierce

it, and he cantered steadily on. His mouth was growing parched, but he still felt strong, and he knew that when the hill was crossed he would find more water to welcome him.

9. At last he reached the summit, and there spread out before him were Dartmoor and the sea, and far, far below him the haven of his choice; and the cool breeze from the sea breathed upon his nostrils, and he gathered strength and hope. There was still one more hollow to be crossed before he reached the long slope down to the valley; but there was water in it, and he might have time for a hasty draught. So still he pressed on with the same steady stride, hoping that he might wait at any rate for a few minutes in the stream, for thirst and heat were growing upon him, and he longed for a bath.

10. But no! it was dangerous to wait; and he turned away sick at heart from the sparkling ripple, and faced the ascent before him. And now the grass seemed to coil wickedly round his dew-claws, as if striving to hold them down; and he tugged his feet impatiently from its grasp, though more than once he had half a mind to turn back to the water. But he had chosen his refuge, and he struggled gamely on.

11. At last he was at the top, and only one long



unbroken descent of heather lay between him and the valley that he knew so well; and he turned into a long, deep combe which ran down to it, that he might not be seen. Down, and down, and down, he ran, steadying himself and recovering his breath. At every stride he saw the trickle of water from the head of the combe grow larger and larger as other trickles joined, as if from every side, and he knew that he was near his refuge at last.

12. Presently he came upon a patch of yellow gorse, which had thrust up its flaming head through the heather, and he plunged heavily through it, knowing that it would check the hounds. Another few hundred yards and he was within the covert, in the cool deep shade of the oak-coppice, with the merry river brawling beneath him; and he scrambled down eagerly through the trees and plunged into the brown water.

From *The Story of a Red Deer*,
by J. W. FORTESCUE.





A WIDOW bird sat mourning for her love
Upon a wintry bough;
The frozen wind crept on above,
The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
No flower upon the ground,
And little motion in the air
Except the mill-wheel's sound.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.





ADVENTURES ON CORAL ISLAND

1. SCARCELY had the sun shot its first ray across the bosom of the broad Pacific, when Jack sprang to his feet, and, hallooing in Peterkin's ear to awaken him, ran down the beach to take his customary dip in the sea. Our breakfast was also dispatched without loss of time, and in less than an hour afterwards all our preparations for the journey were completed.

2. In addition to his ordinary dress, Jack tied a belt of cocoa-nut cloth round his waist, into which he thrust the axe. I was also advised to put on a belt and carry a short cudgel or bludgeon in it; for, as Jack truly remarked, the sling would be of little use if we should chance to come to close

quarters with any wild animal. As for Peterkin, notwithstanding that he carried such a long and, I must add frightful-looking, spear over his shoulder, we could not prevail on him to leave his club behind; "for," said he, "a spear at close quarters is not worth a button."

3. I must say that it seemed to me the club was, to use his own style of language, not worth a button-hole; for it was all knotted over at the head, something like the club which I remember to have observed in picture-books of Jack the Giant-Killer, besides being so heavy that he required to grasp it with both hands in order to wield it at all. However, he took it with him, and in this manner we set out upon our travels.

4. We did not consider it necessary to carry any food with us, as we knew that wherever we went we should be certain to fall in with cocoa-nut trees; having which we were amply supplied, as Peterkin said, with meat and drink and pocket-handkerchiefs! I took the precaution, however, to put the burning-glass into my pocket, lest we should want fire.

5. The morning was exceedingly lovely. It was one of that very still and peaceful sort which made the few noises that we heard seem to be quiet noises. I know of no other way of expressing this idea.

6. I have said that Peterkin walked along the sands between us. We had two ways of walking together about our island. When we travelled through the woods, we always did so in single file, as by this method we advanced with greater facility, the one treading in the other's footsteps. In such cases Jack always took the lead, Peterkin followed, and I brought up the rear. But when we travelled along the sands, which extended almost in an unbroken line of glistening white round the island, we marched abreast, as we found this method more sociable, and every way more pleasant.

7. Jack, being the tallest, walked next the sea, and Peterkin marched between us, as by this arrangement either of us could talk to him or he to us, while if Jack and I happened to wish to converse together, we could conveniently do so over Peterkin's head. Peterkin used to say, in reference to this arrangement, that had he been as tall as either of us, our order of march might have been the same; for as Jack often used to scold him for letting everything we said to him pass in at one ear and out at the other, his head could of course form no interruption to our discourse.

8. We were now fairly started. Half a mile's walk conveyed us round a bend in the land which

shut out our bower from view, and for some time we advanced at a brisk pace without speaking, though our eyes were not idle, but noted everything, in the woods, on the shore, or in the sea, that was interesting.

9. After passing the ridge of land that formed one side of our valley, we beheld another small vale lying before us in all its loveliness. We had, indeed, seen it before from the mountain-top, but we had no idea that it would turn out to be so much more lovely when we were close to it. We were about to commence the exploration of this valley, when Peterkin stopped us, and directed our attention to a very remarkable appearance in advance along the shore.

10. "What's yon, think you?" said he, leveling his spear, as if he expected an immediate attack from the object in question, though it was full half a mile distant.

11. As he spoke, there appeared a white column above the rocks, as if of steam or spray. It rose upwards to a height of several feet, and then disappeared. Had this been near the sea, we should not have been so greatly surprised, as it might in that case have been the surf, for at this part of the coast the coral reef approached so near to the island that in some parts it almost joined it.

There was, therefore, no lagoon between, and the heavy surf of the ocean beat almost up to the rocks. But this white column appeared about fifty yards inland. The rocks at the place were rugged, and they stretched across the sandy beach into the sea.

12. Scarce had we ceased expressing our surprise at this sight, when another column flew upwards for a few seconds, not far from the spot where the first had been seen, and disappeared; and so, at long, irregular intervals, these strange sights recurred. We were now quite sure that the columns were watery or composed of spray, but what caused them we could not guess, so we determined to go and see.

13. In a few minutes we gained the spot, which was very rugged and steep, and, moreover, quite damp with the falling of the spray. We had much ado to pass over dryshod. The ground also was full of holes here and there.

14. Now, while we stood anxiously waiting for the reappearance of these waterspouts, we heard a low, rumbling sound near us, which quickly increased to a gurgling and hissing noise, and a moment afterwards a thick spout of water burst upwards from a hole in the rock, and spouted into the air with much violence, and so close to where



Jack and I were standing that it nearly touched us. We sprang aside, but not before a cloud of spray descended, and drenched us both to the skin.

15. Peterkin, who was standing farther off, escaped with a few drops, and burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter on beholding our miserable plight.

16. "Mind your eye!" he shouted eagerly, "there goes another!" The words were scarcely out of his mouth when there came up a spout from another hole, which served us exactly in the same manner as before.

17. Peterkin now shrieked with laughter; but his merriment was abruptly checked by the gurgling noise occurring close to where he stood.

18. "Where'll it spout this time, I wonder?" he said, looking about with some anxiety, and preparing to run.

19. Suddenly there came a loud hiss or snort; a fierce spout of water burst between Peterkin's legs, blew him off his feet, enveloped him in spray, and hurled him to the ground. He fell with so much violence that we feared he must have broken some of his bones, and ran anxiously to his assistance; but fortunately he had fallen on a clump of tangled herbage, in which he lay sprawling in a most deplorable condition.

20. It was now our turn to laugh; but as we were not yet quite sure that he was unhurt, and as we knew not when or where the next spout might arise, we assisted him hastily to jump up and hurry from the spot.

21. "What's to be done now?" asked Peterkin ruefully.

"Make a fire, lad, and dry ourselves," replied Jack.

"And here is material ready to our hand," said I, picking up a dried branch of a tree, as we hurried up to the woods.

From *The Coral Island*,
by R. M. BALLANTYNE.





A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry !"

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water ?"
"O ! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride—
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover ?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,

“ I'll go, my chief, I'm ready :

It is not for your silver bright,

But for your winsome lady :

“ And by my word ! the bonny bird

In danger shall not tarry ;

So though the waves are raging white

I'll row you o'er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace,

The water-wraith was shrieking ;

And in the scowl of heaven each face

Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind

And as the night grew drearer,

Adown the glen rode arméd men,

Their trampling sounded nearer.

“ O haste thee, haste ! ” the lady cries,

“ Though tempests round us gather ;

I'll meet the raging of the skies,

But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land,

A stormy sea before her—

When, oh ! too strong for human hand

The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover :
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water :
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—O my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing :
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.



A NARROW ESCAPE

1. ONE day Gerard was walking along in a forest, thinking of his home, when his companion laid a hand on his shoulder. "Hush!" he said in a low whisper that made Gerard start and turn round in time to see Denys spring forward, with his cross-bow to his shoulder. Twang! went the string, and after a moment's suspense, he roared, "Run forward, guard the road. He is hit, he is hit!"

2. As Gerard darted forward a young bear came out of the wood right before him, and he had no other course than to attack it. It came up on its hind legs with a snarl, and though not half grown, opened fearful jaws and long claws. Gerard flung himself upon it and struck a tremendous blow on its nose with his axe. The creature staggered, and it lay stretched, with Gerard hacking it.

3. "Hallo! stop!" cried Denys. "It is dead now. Carry my cross-bow and I will carry the beast."

"We will carry it by turns," said Gerard, "for 'tis a heavy load."

4. As they walked on talking thus, Gerard

heard a sound behind them, and turning round, saw a huge creature about sixty paces away. It was an enormous bear coming along the road with its huge head down, running hot on the scent. In a moment they realised that it was the mother of the cub they had just killed. The next moment she saw them. She raised her big head, her jaws opened wide at them, her eyes turned to blood and flame, and she rushed upon them.

5. "Shoot!" screamed Denys to Gerard, who had the cross-bow; but Gerard stood shaking from head to foot.

"Too late!" shouted Denys. "Tree! tree!" and he dropped the cub, pushed Gerard across the road to the nearest tree, and began climbing another himself.

6. Their speed would have been no use if the bear had not stopped a moment over the cub's body, and as it was Denys was only just out of reach as she struck at the tree he was climbing. As it happened he had climbed a dead trunk of no great height, and when he reached the top he discovered his danger. His only course was to turn and face the bear, against which he could have done little; but seeing his friend's danger Gerard came down from his tree, and discharged a bolt at the great creature. The bear gave a snarl, turned



her head, and starting to come down the tree, for the time being made Denys safe.

7. Gerard rushed back to his tree and climbed it swiftly, but even as he did so, the bear struck up at him and her fore paw tore his leg. He climbed and climbed, and presently he heard a voice, as it were in the air, say, "Go out on the bough." He looked and saw a massive bough growing out almost at right angles. He worked out and along it to the end, and then looked round panting.

8. The bear was mounting the tree on the other side. She passed the bough and went up higher, her sight not being keen; but scent told her she was wrong, and down she came again. Slowly and carefully she tried the bough and found it sound; then she crawled along it, growling as she came.

9. Gerard looked down. The ground was forty feet below—death if he jumped. And death was moving along the bough towards him in horrible form.

10. The bear crawled nearer. Gerard saw the terrible jaws and bloodshot eyes coming upon him as in a mist. Then, as if in a dream, he heard the twang of the bow. Denys, with white face, was below shooting at the bear.

11. The bear snarled, but still crawled on. Again the cross-bow twanged, and the next moment the bear was close upon Gerard, when he sat with hair stiff on end and eyes staring in terror. The bear opened her jaws, and the hot blood spouted from them upon his face.

12. The bough shook. The wounded monster was reeling; it clung and stuck its claws deep into the wood; it toppled, its claws held firm, but the body rolled off, and the sudden shock threw Gerard forward on his face. The bear raised up her head

in a last struggle, and the awful jaws snapped together close to him with a last effort of baffled hate. Then the bear fell with a tremendous crash to the ground.

13. Denys, from below, gave a shout of triumph, and immediately after a cry of dismay; for Gerard had swooned, and without an attempt to save himself, rolled headlong from the perilous height.

14. Denys caught at Gerard and checked his fall; but it may be doubted whether this alone would have saved him from breaking his neck or a limb. His best friend now was the dying bear, on whose hairy carcass his head and shoulders descended. Denys propped him up against the warm body and fanned his face. He came out of his faint slowly, and feeling the bear all round him, rolled away with a yell.

15. "Courage!" cried Denys. "The beast is dead."

"Is it dead—quite dead?" inquired Gerard from behind a tree, for his courage was sorely shaken now.

Denys showed him that the bear was dead by pulling its ears and jaws, and laughed at Gerard.

Adapted from *The Cloister and the Hearth*,
by CHARLES READE.



LITTLE Cowboy, what have you heard,
Up on the lonely rath's green mound ?
Only the plaintive yellow bird
Sighing in sultry fields around,
Chary, chary, chary, chee-ee !
Only the grasshopper and the bee ?
 " Tip-tap, rip-rap,
 Tick-a-tack-too !
Scarlet leather, sewn together,
This will make a shoe.
Left, right, pull it tight ;
Summer days are warm ;
Underground in winter,
Laughing at the storm ! "

Lay your ear close to the hill.
Do you not catch the tiny clamour,
Busy click of an elfin hammer,
Voice of the Lepracaun singing shrill
As he merrily plies his trade ?
 He's a span
 And a quarter in height.
Get him in sight, hold him tight,
And you're a made
Man !



... ANNE ANDERSON ...

You watch your cattle the summer day,
Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay ;
How would you like to roll in your carriage
Look for a duchess's daughter in marriage ?
Seize the Shoemaker—then you may !

“ Big boots a-hunting,
Sandals in the hall,
White for a wedding-feast,
Pink for a ball.

This way, that way,
So we make a shoe ;
Getting rich every stitch,
Tick-tack-too ! ”

Nine-and-ninety treasure-crocks
This keen miser-fairy hath,
Hid in mountains, woods, and rocks,
Ruin and round-tow'r, cave and rath,
And where the cormorants build ;

From times of old
Guarded by him ;
Each of them fill'd
Full to the brim

With gold !

I caught him at work one day, myself,
In the castle-ditch, where foxglove grows,—
A wrinkled, wizen'd, and bearded elf,
Spectacles stuck on his pointed nose,

Silver buckles to his hose,
Leather apron—shoe in his lap—

“Rip-rap, tip-tap,

Tack-tack-too !

(A grasshopper on my cap,

Away the moth flew),

Buskins for a fairy prince,

Brogues for his son,—

Pay me well, pay me well,

When the job is done ! ”

The rogue was mine, beyond a doubt.

I stared at him ; he stared at me ;

“Servant, Sir ! ” “Humph ! ” says he,

And pull’d a snuff-box out.

He took a long pinch, look’d better pleased,

The queer little Lepracaun ;

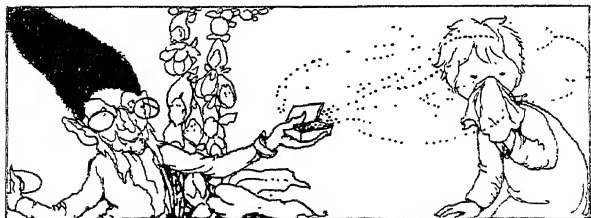
Offer’d the box with a whimsical grace,—

Pouf ! he flung the dust in my face,

And, while I sneezed,

Was gone !

W. ALLINGHAM.





PART I

1. "I HOPE," said a woodman one day to his wife, "that the children will not run into that fir-grove by the side of the river; who they are that have come to live there I cannot tell, but I am sure it looks more dark and gloomy than ever, and some queer-looking beings are to be seen lurking about it every night, as I am told."

2. The woodman could not say that they brought any ill luck as yet, whatever they were; for all the village had thriven more than ever since they came; the fields looked gayer and greener, and even the sky was a deeper blue. Not knowing what to say of them, the farmer

very wisely let his new friends alone, and in truth troubled his head very little about them.

3. That very evening little Mary and her play-fellow Martin were playing at hide and seek in the valley. "Where can he be hid?" said she; "he must have gone into the fir-grove," and down she ran to look.

4. Just then she spied a little dog that jumped round her and wagged his tail, and led her on towards the wood. Then he ran into it, and she soon jumped up the bank to look after him, but was overjoyed to see, instead of a gloomy grove of firs, a delightful garden, where flowers and shrubs of every kind grew upon turf of the softest green; gay butterflies flew about her, the birds sang sweetly, and, what was strangest, the prettiest little children sported about on all sides, some twining the flowers, and others dancing in rings upon the shady spots beneath the trees. In the midst, instead of the hovels of which Mary had heard, there was a palace that dazzled her eyes with its brightness.

5. For a while she gazed on the fairy scene around her, till at last one of the little dancers ran up to her, and said, "And you are come at last to see us? We have often seen you play about, and wished to have you with us." Then

she plucked some of the fruit that grew near; and Mary at the first taste forgot her home, and wished only to see and know more of her fairy friends.

6. Then they led her about with them and showed her all their sports. One while they danced by moonlight on the primrose banks; at another time they skipped from bough to bough among the trees that hung over the cooling streams; for they moved as lightly and easily through the air as on the ground: and Mary went with them everywhere, for they bore her in their arms wherever they wished to go.

7. Sometimes they would throw seeds on the turf, and directly little trees sprang up; and then they would set their feet upon the branches, while the trees grew under them, till they danced upon the boughs in the air, wherever the breezes carried them; and again the trees would sink down into the earth and land them safely at their bidding. At other times they would go and visit the palace of their queen; and there the richest food was spread before them, and the softest music was heard; and there all around grew flowers which were always changing their hues, from scarlet to purple and yellow and emerald. Sometimes they went to look at the heaps of

treasure which were piled up in the royal stores; for little dwarfs were always employed in searching the earth for gold.

8. Small as this Fairyland looked from without, it seemed within to have no end; a mist hung around it to shield it from the eyes of men; and some of the little elves sat perched upon the outermost trees, to keep watch lest the step of man should break in and spoil the charm.

9. "And who are you?" said Mary one day.

"We are what are called elves in your world," said one whose name was Gossamer, and who had become her dearest friend. "We are told you talk a great deal about us; some of our tribes like to work you mischief, but we who live here seek only to be happy: we meddle little with mankind; but when we do come among them, it is to do them good."

10. "And where is your Queen?" said little Mary.

"Hush! hush! you cannot see or know her: you must leave us before she comes back, which will be now very soon, for mortal step cannot come where she is. But you will know that she is here when you see the meadows gayer, the rivers more sparkling, and the sun brighter."

11. Soon afterwards Gossamer told Mary the



time was come to bid her farewell, and gave her a ring in token of their friendship, and led her to the edge of the grove. "Think of me," said she; "but beware how you tell what you have seen, or try to visit any of us again, for if you do, we shall quit this grove and come back no more."

12. Turning back, Mary saw nothing but the gloomy fir-grove she had known before. "How frightened my father and mother will be!" thought she as she looked at the sun, which had risen some time. "They will wonder where I have been all night, and yet I must not tell them what I have seen."

PART II

13. She hastened homewards, wondering, however, as she went, to see that the leaves, which were yesterday so fresh and green, were now falling dry and yellow around her. The cottage too seemed changed, and, when she went in, there sat her father looking some years older than when she saw him last; and her mother, whom she hardly knew, was by his side. Close by was a young man.

14. "Father," said Mary, "who is this?"

"Who are you that call me Father?" said he; "are you—no, you cannot be—our long-lost Mary?"

But they soon saw that it was their Mary; and the young man, who was her old friend and playfellow Martin, said, "No wonder you had forgotten me in seven years; do not you remember how we parted seven years ago while playing in the field? We thought you were quite lost; but we are glad to see that some one has taken care of you and brought you home at last."

15. Mary said nothing, for she could not tell all; but she wondered at the strange tale, and felt gloomy at the change from Fairyland to her father's cottage.

16. Little by little she came to herself, thought of her story as a mere dream, and soon became Martin's bride. Everything seemed to thrive around them; and Mary called her first little girl Elfie, in memory of her friends. The little thing was loved by every one. It was pretty and very good-tempered; Mary thought that it was very like a little elf; and all, without knowing why, called it the fairy child.

17. One day, while Mary was dressing her little Elfie, she found a piece of gold hanging round her neck by a silken thread, and knew it to be of the same sort as she had seen in the hands of the fairy dwarfs. Elfie seemed sorry at its being seen, and said that she had found it in the garden. But Mary watched her, and soon found that she went every afternoon to sit by herself in a shady place behind the house: so one day she hid herself to see what the child did there; and to her great wonder Gossamer was sitting by her side.

18. "Dear Elfie," she was saying, "your mother and I used to sit thus when she was young and lived among us. Oh! if you could but come and do so too! but since our Queen came to us it cannot be; yet I will come and see you and talk to you, whilst you are a child; when you grow up we must part for ever." Then she plucked one of the roses that grew around

them and breathed gently upon it, and said, "Take this for my sake. It will keep its freshness a whole year."

19. Then Mary loved her little Elfie more than ever; and when she found that she spent some hours of almost every day with the elf, she used to hide herself and watch them without being seen, till one day when Gossamer was bearing her little friend through the air from tree to tree, her mother was so frightened lest her child should fall that she could not help screaming out, and Gossamer set her gently on the ground and seemed angry, and flew away.

20. But still she used sometimes to come and play with her little friend, and would soon have done so perhaps the same as before, had not Mary one day told her husband the whole story, for she could not bear to hear him always wondering and laughing at their little child's odd ways, and saying he was sure there was something in the fir-grove that brought them no good. So to show him that all she said was true, she took him to see Elfie and the fairy; but no sooner did Gossamer know that he was there (which she did in an instant), than she changed herself into a raven and flew off into the fir-grove.

21. Mary burst into tears, and so did Elfie, for she knew she should see her dear friend no more :

but Martin was restless and bent upon following up his search after the fairies; so when night came he stole away towards the grove. When he came to it nothing was to be seen but the gloomy firs and the old hovels; and the thunder rolled, and the wind groaned and whistled through the trees. It seemed that all about him was angry; so he turned homewards, frightened at what he had done.

22. In the morning all the neighbours flocked around, asking one another what the noise and bustle of the last night could mean; and when they looked about them, their trees looked blighted, and the meadows parched, the streams were dried up, and everything seemed troubled and sorrowful; but they all thought that somehow or other the fir-grove had not near so forbidding a look as it used to have.

23. Strange stories were told, how one had heard flutterings in the air, another had seen the fir-grove as it were alive with little beings that flew away from it. Each neighbour told his tale, and all wondered what could have happened; but Mary and her husband knew what was the matter, and bewailed their folly; for they foresaw that their kind neighbours, to whom they owed all their luck, were gone for ever.



24. Among the bystanders none told a wilder story than the old ferryman who plied across the river at the foot of the grove. He told how at midnight his boat was carried away, and how hundreds of little beings seemed to load it with treasures; how a strange piece of gold was left for him in the boat, as his fare; how the air seemed full of fairy forms fluttering around; and how at last a great train passed over that seemed to be guarding their leader to the meadows on the other side; and how he heard soft music floating around as they flew; and how sweet voices sang as they hovered over his head:

Fairy Queen !

Fairy Queen !

Mortal steps are on the green;

Come away !

Haste away !

Fairies, guard your Queen !

Hither, hither, fairy Queen !

Lest thy silvery wing be seen;

O'er the sky

Fly, fly, fly !

Fairies, guard your lady Queen !

O'er the sky

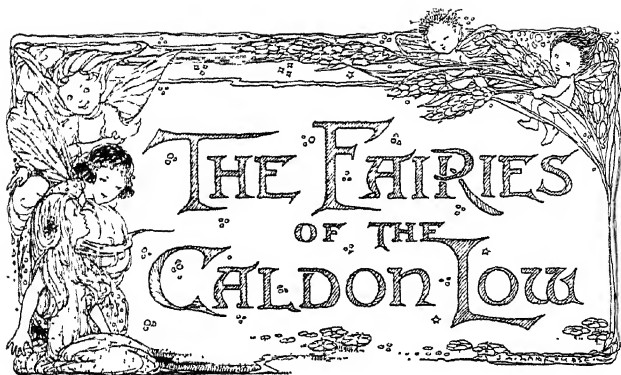
Fly, fly, fly !

Fairies, guard your Queen !

Fairy Queen !
Fairy Queen !
Thou hast pass'd the treach'rous scene ;
Now we may
Down and play
O'er the daisied green.
Lightly, lightly, fairy Queen !
Trip it gently o'er the green :
Fairies gay,
Trip away
Round about your lady Queen !
Fairies gay,
Trip away
Round about your Queen !

25. Poor Elfie mourned their loss the most, and would spend whole hours in looking upon the rose that her playfellow had given her, and singing over it the pretty airs she had taught her ; till at length, when the year's charm had passed away and it began to fade, she planted the stalk in her garden, and there it grew and grew till she could sit under the shade of it and think of her friend Gossamer.

THE BROTHERS GRIMM.



“ AND where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me ? ”
“ I’ve been to the top of the Caldon Low,
The midsummer-night to see.”

“ And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low ? ”
“ I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow.”

“ And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Hill ? ”
“ I heard the drops of the water made,
And the ears of the green corn fill.”

“ Oh ! tell me all, my Mary—
All, all that ever you know ;
For you must have seen the fairies
Last night on the Caldon Low.”

“Then take me on your knee, Mother,
And listen, Mother of mine;
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine;

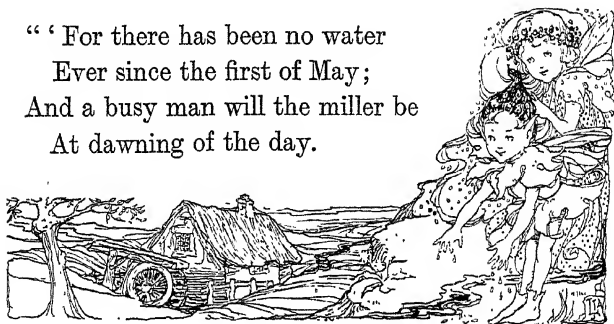
“And their harp-strings rung so merrily
To their dancing feet so small;
But oh! the words of their talking
Were merrier far than all.”

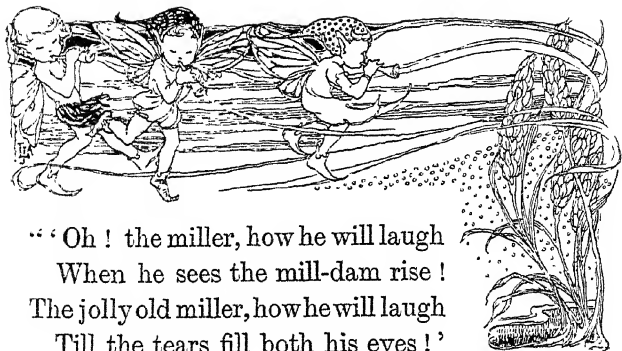
“And what were the words, my Mary,
That then you heard them say?”

“I’ll tell you all, my mother;
But let me have my way.

“Some of them played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
‘And this,’ they said, ‘shall speedily turn
The poor old miller’s mill;

“‘For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man will the miller be
At dawning of the day.





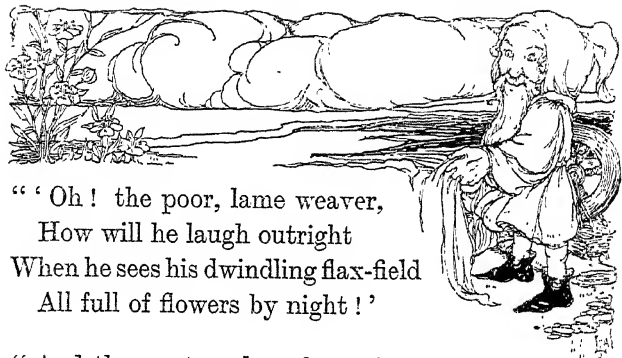
“ ‘ Oh ! the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise !
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
Till the tears fill both his eyes ! ’

“ And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill ;
And each put a horn unto his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill ;

“ ‘ And there,’ they said, ‘ the merry winds go
Away from every horn ;
And they shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow’s corn.

“ ‘ Oh ! the poor, blind widow,
Though she has been blind so long,
She’ll be blithe enough when the mildew’s gone,
And the corn stands tall and strong.’

“ And some they brought the brown lint-seed,
And flung it down from the Low ;
‘ And this,’ they said, ‘ by the sunrise,
In the weaver’s croft shall grow.



“ ‘ Oh ! the poor, lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night ! ’

“ And then out spoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin;
‘ I have spun up all the tow,’ said he,
“ And I want some more to spin.

“ ‘ I’ve spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another;
A little sheet for Mary’s bed,
And an apron for her mother.’

“ With that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of Caldun Low
There was no one left but me.

“ And on the top of the Caldun Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

“ But, coming down from the hill-top,
I heard afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go.

“ And I peeped into the widow’s field,
And sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stout and green.

“ And down by the weaver’s croft I stole,
To see if the flax were sprung;
And I met the weaver at his gate,
With the good news on his tongue.

“ Now this is all I heard, Mother,
And all that I did see;
So, prithee, make my bed, Mother,
For I’m tired as I can be.”

MARY HOWITT.





1. WHEN you were a bird you knew the fairies pretty well, and you remember a good deal about them in your babyhood, which it is a great pity you can't write down, for gradually you forget, and I have heard of children who declared that they had never once seen a fairy. Very likely if they said this in the Kensington Gardens, they were standing looking at a fairy all the time. The reason they were cheated was that she pretended to be something else. This is one of their best tricks.

2. They usually pretend to be flowers, because the court sits in the Fairies' Basin, and there are so many flowers there, and all along the Baby Walk, that a flower is the thing least likely to attract attention. They dress exactly like flowers, and change with the seasons, putting on white when lilies are in and blue for bluebells, and so on. They like crocus and hyacinth time best of

all, as they are partial to a bit of colour, but tulips (except white ones, which are the fairy cradles) they consider garish, and they sometimes put off dressing like tulips for days, so that the beginning of the tulip weeks is almost the best time to catch them.

3. When they think you are not looking they skip along pretty lively; but if you look, and they fear there is no time to hide, they stand quite still, pretending to be flowers. Then, after you have passed without knowing that they were fairies, they rush home and tell their mothers they have had such an adventure. The Fairy Basin, you remember, is all covered with ground-ivy (from which they make their castor-oil), with flowers growing in it here and there. Most of them really are flowers, but some of them are fairies. You never can be sure of them, but a good plan is to walk by looking the other way, and then turn round sharply. Another good plan, which David and I sometimes follow, is to stare them down. After a long time they can't help winking, and then you know for certain that they are fairies.

4. There are also numbers of them along the Baby Walk, which is a famous gentle place, as spots frequented by fairies are called. Once



twenty-four of them had an extraordinary adventure. They were a girls' school out for a walk with the governess, and all wearing hyacinth gowns, when she suddenly put her finger to her mouth, and then they all stood still on an empty bed and pretended to be hyacinths. Unfortunately what the governess had heard was two gardeners coming to plant new flowers in that very bed. They were wheeling a handcart with the flowers in it, and were quite surprised to find

the bed occupied. "Pity to lift them hyacinths," said the one man. "Duke's orders," replied the other, and, having emptied the cart, they dug up the boarding-school and put the poor, terrified things in it in five rows. Of course, neither the governess nor the girls dare admit that they were fairies, so they were carted far away to a potting-shed, out of which they escaped in the night without their shoes; but there was a great fuss about it among the parents, and the school was ruined.

5. As for their houses, it is no use looking for them, because they are the exact opposite of our houses. You can see our houses by day, but you can't see them by dark. Well, you can see their houses by dark, but you can't see them by day, for they are the colour of night, and I never heard of any one yet who could see night in the daytime. This does not mean that they are black, for night has its colours just as day has, but ever so much brighter. Their blues and reds and greens are like ours with a light behind them.

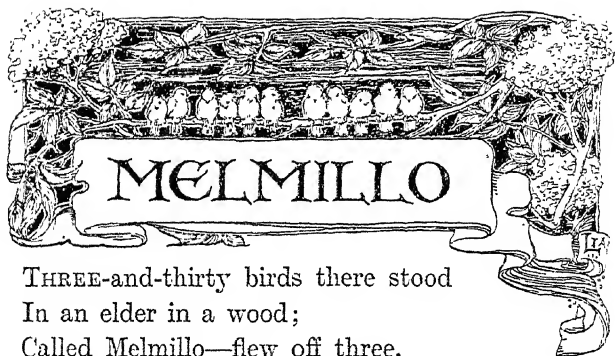
6. The palace is entirely built of many-coloured glasses, and it is quite the loveliest of all royal residences; but the queen sometimes complains because the common people will peep in to see what she is doing. They are very inquisitive folk, and press quite hard against the glass, and that is

why their noses are mostly snubby. The streets are miles long and very twisty, and have paths on each side made of bright worsted. The birds used to steal the worsted for their nests, but a policeman has been appointed to hold on at the other end.

7. One of the great differences between the fairies and us is that they never do anything useful. When the first baby laughed for the first time, his laugh broke into a million pieces, and they all went skipping about. That was the beginning of fairies. They look tremendously busy, you know, as if they had not a moment to spare, but if you were to ask them what they are doing, they could not tell you in the least. They are frightfully ignorant, and everything they do is make-believe. They have a postman, but he never calls except at Christmas with his little box, and though they have beautiful schools, nothing is taught in them; the youngest child, being chief person, is always elected mistress, and when she has called the roll, they all go out for a walk and never come back.

From *The Little White Bird*,

by J. M. BARRIE.



THREE-and-thirty birds there stood
In an elder in a wood;
Called Melmillo—flew off three,
Leaving thirty in the tree;
Called Melmillo—nine now gone,
And the boughs held twenty-one;
Called Melmillo—and eighteen,
Left but three to nod and preen;
Called Melmillo—three—two—one—
Now of birds were feathers none.

Then stole slim Melmillo in
To that wood all dusk and green,
And with lean long palms outspread
Softly a strange dance did tread;
Not a note of music she
Had for echoing company;
All the birds were flown to rest
In the hollow of her breast;
In the wood—thorn, elder, willow—
Danced alone—lone danced Melmillo.

WALTER DE LA MARE.



1. No doubt a horse fair is a very amusing place to those who have nothing to lose; at any rate, there is plenty to see—long strings of young horses out of the country, fresh from the marshes; droves of shaggy little Welsh ponies, no higher than Merrylegs; hundreds of carthorses of all sorts, some of them with their long tails braided up and tied with scarlet cord; and a good many, like myself, handsome and high-bred, but fallen into the middle class through some accident or blemish, unsoundness of wind, or some other complaint.

2. There were some splendid animals quite in their prime and fit for anything, who were

throwing out their legs and showing off their paces in high style as they were trotted out with a leading rein, the groom running by the side. But round in the background were a number of poor things, sadly broken down with hard work, their knees knuckling over, and their hind legs swinging out at every step. Some were very dejected-looking old horses, with the upper lip hanging down and the ears lying back heavily, as if there was no pleasure in life and no more hope; again, some were so thin you could see all their ribs; and some had old sores on their backs and hips. These were sad sights for a horse who knows not but that he may come to the same sad state.

3. There was a great deal of bargaining, running up and beating down; and if a horse may speak his mind so far as he understands, I should say there were more lies told and more trickery carried on at that horse fair than a clever man could give an account of. I was put with two or three other strong, useful-looking horses, and a good many people came to look at us. The gentlemen always turned from me when they saw my broken knees, though the man who had me swore it was only a slip in the stall.

4. To examine me, buyers began to pull my

mouth open, then to look at my eyes, next to feel all the way down my legs, and to give me a hard feel of the skin and flesh, and, lastly, to try my paces. What a difference there was in the way these things were done! Some did it in a rough, offhand way, as if one was only a piece of wood; while others would take their hands gently over one's body, with a pat now and then, as much as to say, "By your leave." Of course, I judged the buyers a good deal by their manners to myself.

5. There was one man of whom I thought that if he would buy me I should be happy. He was not a gentleman, nor yet one of the loud, flashy sort that called themselves so. He was a rather small man, but well made, and quick in all his motions. I knew in a moment by the way he handled me that he was used to horses; he spoke gently, and his grey eye had a kindly, cheery look in it. It may seem strange—but it is true all the same—that the clean, fresh smell there was about him made me take to him. There was no smell of old beer and tobacco, which I hated, but a fresh smell as if he had come out of a hay-loft. He offered twenty-three pounds for me; but that was refused, and he walked away. I looked after him, but he was gone.

6. A very hard-looking, loud-voiced man came next. I was dreadfully afraid he would have me; but he walked off. One or two more came who did not mean business. Then the hard-faced man came back again and offered twenty-three pounds. A very close bargain was being driven, for my salesman began to think he should not get all he asked, and must come down; but just then the grey-eyed man came back again. I could not help reaching out my head towards him. He stroked my face kindly.

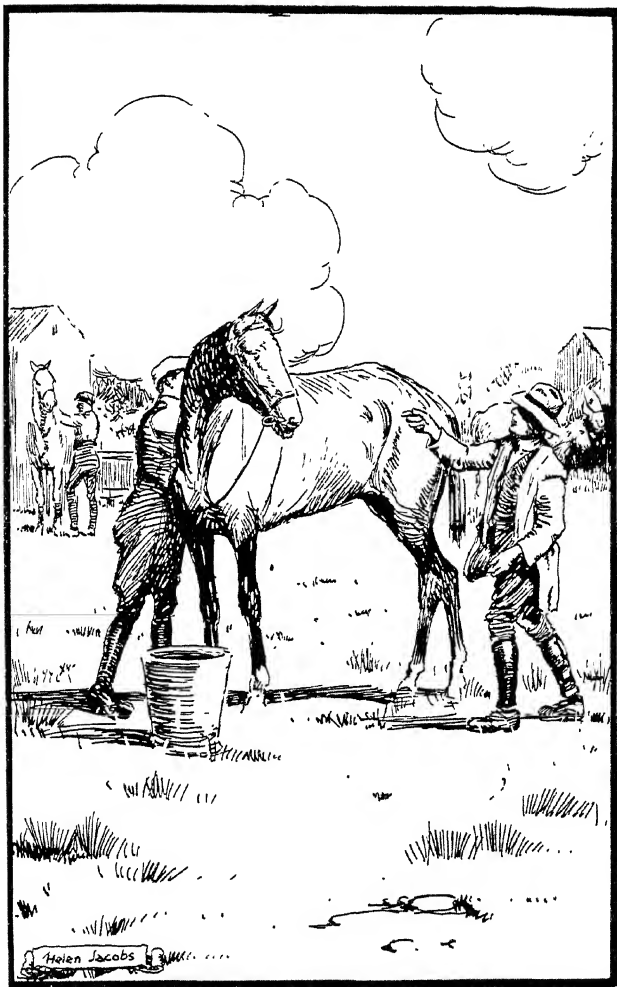
7. "Well, old chap," he said, "I think we should suit each other. I'll give twenty-four for him."

"Say twenty-five and you shall have him."

"Twenty-four ten," said my friend, in a very decided tone, "and not another sixpence—yes or no?"

"Done," said the salesman, "and you may depend upon it there's a monstrous deal of quality in that horse, and if you want him for cabwork, he's a bargain."

8. The money was paid on the spot, and my new master took my halter and led me out of the fair to an inn, where he had a saddle and bridle ready. He gave me a good feed of oats, and stood by whilst I ate it, talking to himself and talking to me.



9. Half an hour after we were on our way to London, through pleasant lanes and country roads, until we came into the great London thoroughfare, on which we travelled steadily till in the twilight we reached the great city. The gas lamps were already lighted; there were streets to the right, streets to the left, and streets crossing each other for mile upon mile. I thought we should never come to the end of them. At last, in passing through one, we came to a long cabstand, when my rider called out in a cheery voice, "Good-night, Governor!"

10. "Halloo!" cried a voice, "have you got a good one?"

"I think so," replied my owner.

"I wish you luck with him."

"Thank ye, Governor!" And he rode on.

11. We soon turned up one of the side streets, and about half-way up turned again into a very narrow one, with rather poor-looking houses on one side and what seemed to be coach-houses and stables on the other.

12. My owner pulled up at one of the houses and whistled. The door flew open, and a young woman, followed by a little girl and boy, ran out. There was a very lively greeting as my rider dismounted.

13. "Now then, Harry, my boy, open the gates, and Mother will bring us the lantern."

The next minute they were all standing round me in a small stable yard.

"Is he gentle, Father?"

"Yes, Dolly, as gentle as your own kitten; come and pat him."

14. At once the little hand was patting about fearlessly all over my shoulder. How good it felt!

15. "Let me get him a bran mash while you rub him down," said the mother.

"Do, Dolly, it's just what he wants, and I know you've got a beautiful mash ready for me."

"Sausage dumpling and apple turnover," shouted the boy: this set them all laughing.

16. I was led into a comfortable, clean-smelling stall with plenty of dry straw, and, after a capital supper, I lay down, thinking I was going to be happy.

From *Black Beauty*,

by MRS. SEWELL





WHEN the voices of children are heard on the
green,

And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.

“Then come home, my children, the sun is gone
down,

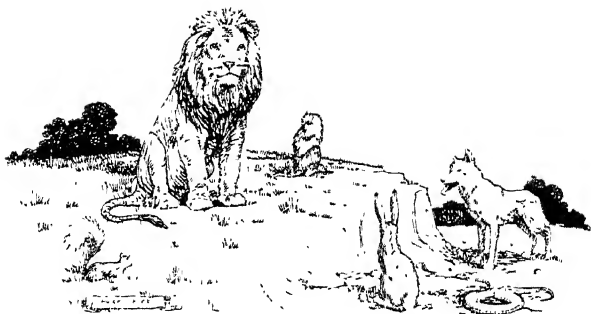
And the dews of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away
Till the morning appears in the skies.”

“No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all cover'd with sheep.”

“Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
And then go home to bed.”

The little ones leap'd and shouted and laugh'd,
And all the hills echoéd.

WILLIAM BLAKE.



REYNARD THE FOX

1. It happened once in the early summer days, when the woods were green and the birds sang from dawn to dusk, that the Lion, the King of Beasts, held open court in the forest, and summoned all his subjects, both great and small, to appear before him.

2. Only one animal failed to obey his command, and he was Reynard the Fox, for well he knew that his life had been evil, so he was sore afraid.

3. And he did well to fear, for one after another the beasts pressed forward to complain to the King of the wicked doings of Reynard, the slyest, the most mischievous, and the worst of all his subjects.

4. Isegrim the Wolf was the first to stand before the King, with many of his kinsmen to support him.

“High and mighty Prince, my Lord the King,”

said he, "I beseech you that through your great might, right, and mercy, you will have pity on the great trespass that Reynard the Fox has done to me and to my wife."

5. He then went on to relate how the Fox had very rudely entered his dwelling without Dame Isegrim's consent, and had so ill-treated his children that they had become blind.

6. After the Wolf, came a little hound called Courtoys, who shivered and whined, and complained that in the winter, when food was difficult to obtain and he had just chanced to find a delicious meat-pudding, Reynard had secretly come up and had snatched it away from him.

7. But almost before the little dog had finished speaking, Tybert the Cat sprang with soft paws before the King, and declared that the pudding was his. "I won it by night, in a mill, while the miller slept," he said. "Certainly Reynard devoured it, but it was my pudding!"

8. "Let me tell my Lord the King what I saw him do but yesterday to Cuwart the Hare!" exclaimed the Panther. "He promised to teach the Hare to say his prayers, and while Cuwart was trying to learn them, on a sudden he seized him by the throat, and if I had not come up, it would have gone ill with him."

9. But now Grymbart the Badger, who was nephew to Reynard, pushed forward, and, as the Fox's relative, tried to shield and excuse him. Unfortunately for his defence, he was interrupted by the sound of loud sobbing, and coming down a hill towards the woodland court, all the assembled beasts beheld a melancholy procession.

10. On either side of a bier walked two beautiful hens, each carrying a lighted taper. And on the bier a third lovely hen lay dead. Chanticleer the Cock walked before his dead child, piteously wringing his claws, and flapping his wings, while his two daughters, whose names were Cautart and Crayant, cried, "Alas! and a-well-away, for our dear sister Coppen!"

11. The cackling and weeping hens stopped before the King's throne, and Chanticleer thus told his story.

12. "Merciful Lord the King," he said, "at the beginning of April I had eight fair sons and seven fair daughters hatched by my wife. Reynard the thief envied them greatly, but he durst not molest them because of certain great dogs living in our yard, of whom he was afraid.

13. "For a time he went away, and we had peace. Then at last he came to us again, dressed as a hermit. He brought with him a letter signed

with the King's seal, in which stood written that the King had made peace through all his realm, and that no beasts should henceforth harm one another. 'As for me,' false Reynard said, 'have no more fear, Sir Chanticleer, for I have repented of my sins, and as penance for them I will eat no more flesh to my life's end.'

14. "So he went away and lay down under a hawthorn bush, murmuring his prayers. Then I was glad and merry, and clucking to my children, I told them they had now nothing to fear from the holy Fox. But Reynard, creeping between us and the gate, caught one of my children, and since then out of fifteen fair sons and daughters I now have but four. Only yesterday my child Coppen was alive, and now she lies on her bier. This complaint I make to you, gracious King. Have pity upon my great and unreasonable damage and loss of my fair children."

15. Then the King turned to the Badger and said, "Sir Grymbart, do you hear this of the uncle you tried to shield? First we will bury this fair hen, the child of Sir Chanticleer, and then we will take counsel how the murderer may be brought to justice."

16. So a marble tombstone was laid over Coppen's grave, and on it in great letters was written :



Helen Jacobs

“Coppen, Chanticleer’s daughter, whom Reynard the Fox hath bitten, lieth hereunder buried. Mourn ye for her, for she is shamefully come to her death.”

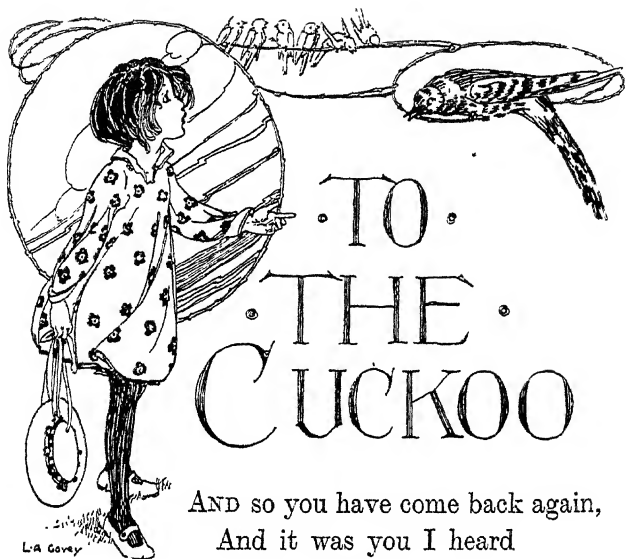
17. Then the King assembled his counsellors to decide on the most trusty messenger to send to Reynard the Fox, summoning him to appear without fail at the court. Bruin the Bear was at length chosen, and the King warned him in this manner :

18. “Sir Bruin, I desire you to take my commands to Reynard. But be prudent, for he is the most crafty of all the beasts, and the greatest liar and hypocrite. Take care, therefore, that he neither deceives nor beguiles you.”

19. But Bruin replied, “Good my Lord, be easy. If the Fox deceives me, I shall have learnt my lesson badly.” And he departed merrily. But as the old story relates, “he came not so merrily again.”

From *Stories from Mediæval Romance*,
by NETTA SYRETT.





AND so you have come back again,
And it was you I heard
Proclaiming it to all the world—
You most conceited bird!

You talked of nothing but yourself
When you were here before,
Until your voice became so hoarse
That you could talk no more.

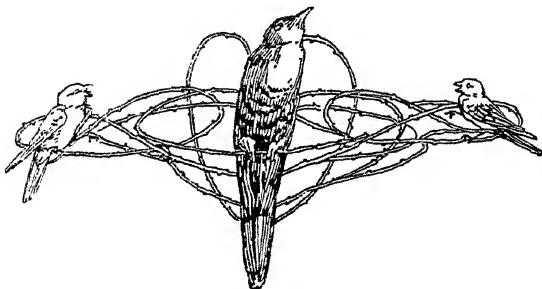
And now you fly from bush to bush,
And say, "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"
Have you no friends to care about?
No useful work to do?

I hear you're such a lazy bird,
You cannot build a nest;
Perhaps you could if you would try—
We ought to do our best.

The little bird that told me this
Suspected something worse—
That you neglect your little ones,
And put them out to nurse.

Oh, Cuckoo! if this story's true,
I think you're much to blame.
Then talk no more about yourself;
Go, hide yourself, for shame!

MRS. HAWKSHAW.



EXERCISES

JACKANAPES AND THE DUCKLING

(i) LANGUAGE STUDY

1. *Words to be learnt :*

(a) patience	(b) remembered	(c) safely
season	reared	oblique
trouble	cheeped	delicious
instance	waddle	vigorously
behaviour	encumbered	ineffectually
responsibility	wobbled	quarrelsome
direction		ungainly
energy		solitary
heaviness		addled
prey		speckled

2. *Add suitable adjectives to these nouns :* hen, egg, chick, nose, fingers, grass.

3. *Add suitable adverbs (telling "how," or "when," or "why") to these verbs :* hatch, rear, try, aim, fail.

4. *What words have the opposite meanings to these words :* remember, bright, little, like, vigorously, courage, oblique, proud?

5. *Write down the plurals of :* goose, life, family, child, lady, nurse, frock.

6. *What are the masculine nouns corresponding to :* hen, lady, goose?

7. *Divide these sentences up into*

(a) The *naming* part (*i. e.* Subject)

(b) The *telling* part (*i. e.* Predicate) :

(i) He was now his own master.

(ii) The Postman loved the Captain's child.

(iii) His prey escaped sideways.

(iv) The Postman found them both at the Pond.

8. *Give other words for :* downy, monstrous, moping, solitary, encumbered, dumpy, delicious, lost ground, draggled.

9. *Rewrite this sentence in an easier way :*

“ Do or cluck what the speckled hen would.”

10. *Write these words out carefully, with capital letters :*

(i) Baby! Baby! Jackanapes!

(ii) Miss Jessamine.

Now write down the names of some of your friends.

(ii) COMPOSITION

1. Write two sentences, one describing the Captain's child, and the other describing the duckling.

2. *Fill in the spaces with suitable words :*

(a) The —— hen got out of patience.

(b) The eggs were ——.

(c) The chick was ——.

(d) The duckling had an —— walk.

3. *Rewrite in the plural :*

(a) It was a bright yellow little thing.

(b) The Postman loves the child.

(c) The duck was obliged to come back.

4. *Rewrite, using "quotes" .*

Quack said the yellow thing.

Baby Baby Jackanapes cried Miss Jessamine.

5. *Complete the following sentences :*

(a) He waddles like —.

(b) It is as — as a bone.

(c) The duck was as soft as —.

(d) Jackanapes went as straight as

6. Write a paragraph telling what the Postman found at the Pond.

I MAKE MY DWELLING-PLACE

(i) LANGUAGE STUDY

1. *Words to be learnt .*

(a)

habitation	spikes	scissors
ridge	screw-jack	channel
fowling-piece	hatchet	wealth
pistol	grindstone	reflection
discovery	crow	savages
labour	barrel	method
difficulty	musket	settlement
island	hammock	situation
league	bedding	security
reason	comfort	advantage
abundance	cargo	deliverance
creation	attempt	expectation
hawk	magazine	diameter
talons	posture	piles

carrion	hogshead	tarpaulin
rigging	runlet	provisions
voyage	locker	cellar
raft	drawers	position
carpenter	razor	optics

(b)

proper (= fit)	hastily	violent
enviored	surprised	uppermost
barren	satisfactory	subtle
uninhabited	moorish	difficult
innumerable	wholesome	terrible
screaming	healthy	readily
confused	convenient	frequently
particularly	ravenous	sparingly
possible	irregularly	especially
several	thereabouts	internal
quietly	completely	

(c)

overtop	hoist	descend
travelled	fortify	preserve
believe	satisfy	enclose
resemble	meddle	repass
consider	wrap	discover
resolve	recover	observe
prepare	employ	conclude
secure	banish	

2. *Add suitable adjectives to these nouns* : hill, labour, screaming, water, goat, fright.

3. *Add suitable adverbs to these verbs* : laboured, blow, descend, fenced, eat.

4. *Join these pairs of sentences together, using "and" as the joining word :*

- (a) The hill rose very steep. The hill rose very high.
- (b) I got on board as before. I prepared a second raft.
- (c) The goats were shy. The goats were swift of foot.
- (d) I laid down the dam. I took the kid in my arms.
- (e) I ate sparingly. I saved my provisions as much as I could.

5. *Give words of opposite meaning to :* abundance, comfort, wealth, savages, security, barren, uninhabited, several, quietly, hastily, satisfactory, wholesome, healthy, convenient, irregularly, violent, difficult, frequently, internal.

6. *Give the plurals of :* discovery, difficulty, cargo. Has the noun *scissors* any singular? Can you think of any other words like it?

7. *Divide these sentences up into Subject and Predicate :*

- (a) There was a hill to the north.
- (b) I travelled up to the top of that hill.
- (c) All these I secured.
- (d) I had been now thirteen days on shore.
- (e) No more ship was to be seen.

8. Write down the name of the book from which this piece is taken, and then write down the name of the author.

9. *Express differently, more simply if possible, the words in italics :*

- (a) My next work was to *view the country* and seek a *proper place* for my *habitation*.
- (b) I was in an island, *environed every way* with the sea.
- (c) I brought them to shore, *to my very great comfort*.
- (d) I made *me* a little tent.
- (e) I fortified it from any sudden *attempt* either from man or beast.
- (f) The ship *sat upright in that posture*.
- (g) *Semi-diameter*.
- (h) I laid them up within my fence *in the nature of a terrace*.
- (i) *In the interval of time while this was doing* I went out *daily* with my gun.
- (k) I ate *sparingly*.

(ii) COMPOSITION

1. *Write sentences describing :* the island, the site of Crusoe's dwelling, Crusoe's fortifications.

2. *Fill in the blanks with suitable words :*

- (a) The island was —.
- (b) I brought away — things.
- (c) I slept — all night.
- (d) At — water I went on board.
- (e) It blew — that night.
- (f) I found a — plain on the side of a — hill.
- (g) I desired security from — creatures.

3. *Complete these sentences :*

- (a) The musket balls were as heavy as —.
- (b) I was as wealthy as —.
- (c) The hill was as steep as —.
- (d) My cellar was like —.

4. *Rewrite in the singular :*

- (a) Two small islands lay three leagues off.
- (b) The muskets were useful to me.
- (c) I had been on board eleven times.
- (d) I desired security from men and beasts.
- (e) If they saw me in the valleys they would run away.

THUMBELINA. PART I

(i) LANGUAGE STUDY

1. *Words to be learnt :*

(a) barleycorn	(b) easily	(c) procure
chickens	immediately	managed
tulip	handsome	played
stamens	tightly	floated
height	beautiful	hopping
cradle	real	broken
violet	delicate	laid
mattresses	graceful	stretched
coverlet	scarcely	gathered
wreath	daintily	gnawed
stalks	straight	travelled
horse-hairs	broad	continued
oars	swampy	alighted
margin	farthest	fastening

(a) island	(b) bridal	(c) clasped
sedges	splendidly	declared
girdle	elegant	resemble
waist	sorry	shrugged
creature	especially	believe
daisy	biggest	imagine
	wretched	
	ugly	
	whither	
	loveliest	
	loose	

2. Place suitable adjectives before these nouns : witch, stalks, toad, brook, cradle, oars, leaves, waist.

3. Use suitable adverbs with these verbs : swim, sing, row, float, bow, live.

4. Give words of opposite meaning to : greatest, height, handsome, bitterly, together, damp, please, onward.

5. Give the plurals of : rose-leaf, lily, woman, witch, stamen, bush, butterfly.

6. Give the masculine of : witch, daughter, woman, maiden, she.

7. Divide these sentences into Subject and Predicate :

(a) A graceful little white butterfly fluttered around her.

(b) The lady cockchafer shrugged their feelers.

(c) In the brook there grew many water-lilies.

(ii) COMPOSITION

1. Write two sentences to describe each of the following :

(a) the Toad's son, (b) Thumbelina's cradle, (c) the cockchafer.

2. *Join these sentences together :*

- (a) "Thank you," said the woman. She gave the witch a penny.
- (b) The Toad was ugly. The Toad was big. The Toad was damp.
- (c) "Don't speak so loud," said the Toad. "She will awake," said the toad.

3. *Fill in the blanks with suitable adjectives :*

- (a) It was a ——— tulip.
- (b) A ——— walnut-shell.
- (c) The margin was ——— and ———.
- (d) There ran a ——— brook.
- (e) The fishes gathered round the ——— stalk.

4. *Complete these sentences :*

- (a) Thumbelina was as light as ———
- (b) The Toad was as ugly as ———.
- (c) The sun shone on the water like —
- (d) Thumbelina was as tender and delicate as —

5. Write down two sentences to explain why the cock-chafers did not like Thumbelina.

THUMBELINA. PART II

(i) LANGUAGE STUDY

1. *Words to be learnt :*

(a) autumn	(b) withered	(c) shrivelled
stubble	dreadfully	remained
ground	frail	wrapped
kitchen	delicate	shivered
larder	frozen	trembled

(a) morsel	(b) comfortable	(c) provided
creature	glorious	obtained
visitor	velvety	buried
voice	prettiest	glimmers
passage	afield	lighted
leave	delicious	lay
beak	sedate	laid
ceiling	afraid	twittered
daylight	decayed	starve
swallow	certainly	freeze
feathers	miserable	brought
carpet	sensible	remember
cotton	startled	
breast	torpid	
countries	famously	
courage		
lantern		
strength		
petal		
height		

2. Give other words that might be used instead of : frail, delicate, delicious, sedate, sensible, torpid.

3. Place each of the adjectives given in Question 2 before suitable nouns.

4. Give the singular of : leaves, children, countries, stories, them.

5. Divide these sentences into Subject and Predicate :

(a) The two others turned their backs upon the bird.

(b) How much pleasure he gave me !

(c) At night Thumbelina could not sleep at all.

(d) In autumn all the swallows fly away.

6. Pick out all the "telling" words (*i. e.* verbs) in § 28.

(ii) COMPOSITION

1. Write down two sentences, one beginning "there is" and the other beginning "there are."

2. Write three or four sentences describing the Field Mouse's home.

3. *Fill in the blanks with suitable adverbs :*

- (a) He sang so to me in the summer.
- (b) The bird was — large compared with her.
- (c) "I have been - — warmed," said the Swallow.
- (d) The sun shines down — upon us.
- (e) It — must have died — a short time before.

4. *Complete these sentences :*

- (a) The piece of decayed wood glimmers like —.
- (b) The Swallow became so cold that —.
- (c) Every snow-flake that fell upon her was like —.
- (d) Thumbelina stood at the door just like —.

5. "The piece of decayed wood *glimmers*." Write down two sentences containing the verb *glitters*.

6. Write a short paragraph telling how Thumbelina nursed the Swallow back to health.

THUMBELINA. PART III

(i) LANGUAGE STUDY

1. *Words to be learnt :*

(a) outfit	(b) gloriously	(c) remained
clothes	grieved	proposed
spindle	tiresome	crept
evening	woollen	declared
nonsense	doubtless	allowed
cellar	ready	stretched
threshold	obstinate	walked
stubble	thankful	reaped
sash	loth	repeated
mountains	beautifully	threw
passage	earthy	bloomed
girdle	outspread	sounded
feathers	bleak	flying
beauties	fragrant	tie
ditches	loveliest	seated
hedges	dazzling	clustered
oranges	broad	carried
myrtles	transparent	select
balsams	daintiest	dwelt
pillars	gigantic	belonged
pieces	different	brought
heavens	charming	
delight	whole	
rejoicing		
surprise		

2. *Use other words in place of those in italics :*(a) The summer *drew to a close*.(b) *Select* one of the flowers.

- (c) Vines *clustered* around the lofty pillars.
- (d) A palace of *dazzling* white marble.
- (e) He wore the *daintiest* of gold crowns.
- (f) It was quite a *gigantic* bird to him.

3. Give words of opposite meaning to : gigantic, sedate, height, nonsense, remained.

4. Give the plurals of : inch, wife, ear, sky, tooth, country, life.

5. Use suitable adverbs with these verbs : nursed, bind, fly, creep.

6. Pick out the verbs in the last paragraph of the piece.

(ii) COMPOSITION

1. Describe how Thumbelina was enabled to fly.

2. Complete these sentences :

- (a) The palace was as transparent as
- (b) The sun burned the earth as hard as —.
- (c) You shall have everything as nice as —.

3. Fill in the blanks with suitable adjectives :

- (a) The palace was built of — marble.
- (b) The Mole was a — man.
- (c) Under the — green trees stood a palace.
- (d) The air was with myrtles.
- (e) She saw the sun from the threshold.

4. Study paragraph 53. Then write out what the prince said to Thumbelina. Be sure to get the “quotes” in their correct places.

5. Write a sentence to explain Thumbelina’s name.

6. Write sentences to show the difference between *hole* and *whole*.

THE DEER'S ESCAPE

(i) LANGUAGE STUDY

1. *Words to be learnt :*

(a) hind	(b) anxiously	(c) cantering
plantation	straight	blundered
calf	glossy	swerved
hounds	friendly	gleam
whip	aslant	leaped
exultation	bravely	splashing
thicket	mute	sought
yearling	aside	wheeled
heather	sparse	pausing
refuge	ragged	notice
tongues	rank	sloping
blackcock	amber	smote
tufts	thinly	breasted
peat-stream	fiercely	welcome
wilderness	gallantly	gathered
combe	treacherous	pressed
Dartmoor	parched	coil
choice	dangerous	striving
nostrils	sparkling	tugged
draught	wickedly	chosen
thirst	impatiently	struggled
ripple	gamely	steadying
ascent	unbroken	recovering
dew-claws	flaming	plunged
grasp	heavily	check
descent	eagerly	brawling
trickle		scrambled
patch		
covert		
oak-coppice		

2. *Place suitable adjectives before* : horse, deer, hill, song, tufts.

3. *Use suitable adverbs with these verbs* : canter, run, tug, plunge.

4. *Give words of opposite meaning to* : ridge, wilderness, summit, ascent, straight, glossy, friendly, aslant, mute, sparse, thinly, treacherous, patiently, sloping.

5. *Give the plurals of* : calf, tongue, peat-stream, ridge, wilderness, patch.

6. *Give the feminine of* : stag, cock, horse.

7. *Divide into Subject and Predicate* :

(a) The hounds came up after her.

(b) He went off at the top of his speed.

(c) The heather became sparse and thin.

(d) Never had its song sounded so sweet.

(e) Thirst and heat were growing upon him.

8. In what county is Dartmoor? Write out the names of five of the counties of Great Britain.

9. *Rewrite the following sentences, using different words in place of those in italics* :

(a) He went off *at the top of his speed*.

(b) He heard *no sound of their tongues*.

(c) The sun *smote fiercely* on him.

(d) Far below him was *the haven of his choice*.

(ii) COMPOSITION

1. *Write sentences describing* : a moor, a combe, the deer's refuge.

2. *Fill in the blanks with suitable adjectives* :

(a) The stag had a ——— coat.

(b) Every hound leaped forward with an ——— cry.

(c) He went off at ——— speed.

- (d) He saw the — waves of heather.
- (e) He went on through the — — heather.
- (f) Then the heather became — and —.

3. *Fill in the blanks with suitable adverbs :*

- (a) He set his face — for the highest point.
- (b) The sun smote — upon him.
- (c) He cantered — on.
- (d) He tugged his feet — from its grasp.

4. *Complete the following sentences :*

- (a) The hounds were racing after him as mute .
- (b) Just as a shipwrecked sailor longs for land, so the stag —.

5. Write a paragraph telling how the deer ran down the last slope to his refuge.

6. *Rewrite the following, using the necessary " quotes " :*

- (a) There he goes ! said the man on the white horse.
- (b) Shall I have time for a bath ? the stag said to himself.
- (c) I tried to stop the hounds, said the huntsman, but they swerved past me.

ADVENTURES ON CORAL ISLAND

(i) LANGUAGE STUDY

1. *Words to be learnt :*

(a) bosom	(b) scarcely	(c) hallooing
Pacific	customary	awaken
beach	ordinary	dispatched
breakfast	necessary	completed
preparations	wherever	advised
journey	amply	remarked

(a) addition	(b) exceedingly	(c) prevail
cocoa-nut	lovely	knotted
axe	peaceful	required
cudgel	glistening	consider
bludgeon	abreast	supplied
quarters	sociable	expressing
language	conveniently	extended
handkerchief	interesting	converse
precaution	remarkable	scold
method	immediate	conveyed
facility	irregular	commence
arrangement	rugged	directed
reference	moreover	levelling
interruption	dryshod	disappeared
discourse	rumbling	approached
loveliness	gurgling	ceased
exploration	hissing	expressing
attention	uncontrollable	recurred
column	miserable	guess
surf	eagerly	composed
lagoon	exactly	determined
intervals	abruptly	drenched
ado	anxiously	escaped
reappearance	fortunately	shrieked
waterspouts	tangled	checked
violence	deplorable	occurring
plight	hastily	enveloped
laughter	ruefully	hurled
merriment		sprawling
anxiety		assisted
assistance		
herbage		
condition		
material		

2. *Place suitable adjectives before :* Pacific Ocean, dip, cudgel, pace, attack.

3. *Use suitable adverbs with these verbs :* fly, shout, march.

4. *Give words of opposite meaning to :* loveliness, attention, appearance, violence, customary, ordinary, convenient, interesting, hastily, commence.

5. *Give the plural of :* journey, cocoa-nut, handkerchief, column, burning-glass.

6. *What nouns are formed from these verbs :* prepare, add, arrange, interrupt, explore, attend, appear, laugh, assist?

7. *Join these sentences, using what you think to be the right joining word :*

(a) Our eyes were not idle. Our eyes noted everything.

(b) Peterkin stopped us. He directed our attention to a remarkable sight.

(c) We did not know when the next spout might arise. We did not know where the next spout might arise.

(d) The columns were watery. The columns were composed of spray.

8. Divide into Subject and Predicate sentences (a), (b) and (d) in Question 7.

9. Write out the names of the Oceans.

10. *Use simpler words in place of those in italics :*

(a) His *customary* dip.

(b) Our breakfast *was dispatched without loss of time.*

(c) *All our preparations for the journey were completed.*

- (d) We advanced *with greater facility*.
- (e) *In reference to* this arrangement.
- (f) *Our discourse*.
- (g) Half a mile's walk *conveyed* us round a bend in the land.
- (h) To *commence the exploration*.
- (i) A very *remarkable appearance*.
- (k) The object *in question*.
- (l) His merriment was *abruptly checked*.
- (m) It *enveloped* him in spray.
- (n) *Tangled herbage*.

(ii) COMPOSITION

1. *Write sentences describing :* (a) Peterkin's cudgel, (b) the way the three friends walked in the woods, (c) the waterspouts, (d) the noise the waterspouts made.

2. *Fill in the blanks :*

- (a) We were — supplied.
- (b) The morning was — lovely.
- (c) We marched —.
- (d) We could — talk over Peterkin's head.
- (e) We were now — started.
- (f) It rose — to a height of several feet.

What name is given to the words you have used ?

3. *Rewrite in the plural :*

- (a) It rose upwards.
- (b) There was no lagoon between.
- (c) The column was watery.
- (d) We heard a low sound near us.
- (e) A fierce spout blew him off his feet.

4. "The spout *enveloped* him in spray." This means that he was covered by spray just as a letter is covered by an envelope. Study the following sentences and then write out the comparison in full :

- (a) His eye travelled along the path.
- (b) He let the cat out of the bag. (What does this mean?)
- (c) He thirsted for knowledge.

5. Write a paragraph describing how Peterkin was blown up.

6. Study paragraph 21. Then rewrite the conversation. Notice that what each one says starts on a fresh line.

A NARROW ESCAPE

(i) LANGUAGE STUDY

1. Words to be learnt :

a) companion	(b) fearful	(c) roared
shoulder	tremendous	guard
whisper	sixty	darted
cross-bow	enormous	staggered
suspense	massive	hacking
course	carefully	realised
snarl	horrible	discovered
creature	terrible	discharged
scent	bloodshot	climbed
danger	baffled	panting
bough	immediately	mounting
twang	headlong	growling
struggle	perilous	crawled

(a) shock	(b) hairy	(c) twanged
triumph	sorely	snarled
dismay		staring
attempt		spouted
limb		reeling
carcass		topped
faint		raised
yell		swooned
courage		checked
		doubted
		breaking
		propped
		fanned
		inquired

2. *Place suitable adjectives before :* whisper, bear, bough, crash.

3. *Use suitable adverbs with :* walk, climb, throw, roll.

4. *Give words of opposite meaning to :* whisper, danger, courage, enormous, perilous, mounting, raised.

5. *Pick out some words in the piece which have silent letters :* e. g. climb, bough.

6. *Give the plural of :* carcass, cross-bow, bough, crash, limb.

7. *Join these sentences together :*

(a) Its claws held firm. The body rolled off.

(b) Gerard looked. Gerard saw a massive bough.

(c) The bear will kill Gerard. Gerard will kill the bear. (Use *either* and *or*.)

8. Divide all the sentences in Question 7 into Subject and Predicate.

9. *Write out these sentences in the form of questions :*

- (a) The bear is dead.
- (b) Gerard fainted.
- (c) I will carry the beast.

10. The word "twang" sounds like the actual noise made by a bow-string. Can you think of any more words that sound like the noises of which they are the names?

11. Write out the names of the two friends and the name of the author of the story.

(ii) COMPOSITION

1. *Write sentences describing :* (a) the mother bear, (b) Denys's tree, (c) how the bear fell from the tree.

2. *Fill in the blanks with suitable words :*

- (a) Denys sprang —.
- (b) Gerard turned — and saw a huge creature about sixty paces
- (c) Gerard climbed his tree —.
- (d) The bear stuck its claws — into the wood.
- (e) The sudden shock threw Gerard —.

3. Write a paragraph telling how the bear reeled and fell off the bough. When you have written it compare it with paragraph 12. Notice the large number of *action words* the author uses to tell his exciting story.

4. Our forefathers believed that baby bears were born shapeless and that the mother bear licked them into shape. What do we mean nowadays when we say, "He needs licking into shape"?

5. Write out what the two friends said to each other after the mother bear had been killed.

THE ELFIN GROVE. PART I

(i) LANGUAGE STUDY

1. *Words to be learnt :*

(a) beings	(b) queer	(c) lurking
village	gayer	thriven
friends	gloomy	knowing
playfellow	softest	troubled
valley	strangest	spied
flowers	prettiest	overjoyed
butterflies	easily	twining
hovels	everywhere	dazzled
scene	wherever	plucked
fruit	safely	carried
bough	scarlet	spread
branches	purple	employed
breezes	yellow	searching
earth	emerald	spoil
hues	outermost	talk
treasure	wisely	meddle
elves		beware
gossamer		quit
mischief		frightened
meadows		
edge		

2. *Place suitable adjectives before these nouns :* butterflies, hovels, hue, valley, meadow.

3. *Give words of opposite meaning to :* dark, gloomy, wisely, pretty, easily, ill-luck, friend.

4. *Give the plurals of :* sky, playfellow, fir-grove, butterfly, branch, elf.

5. *Join the following sentences together :*

- (a) The richest food was spread before them.
The softest music was heard.
- (b) They led her about with them. They showed her all their sports.
- (c) Think of me. Beware how you tell what you have seen.

(ii) COMPOSITION

1. *Write two or three sentences describing :*

- (a) the little dog; (b) the fairy garden.

2. *Fill in the blanks with suitable words :*

- (a) The fields looked . - and the sky was a — blue.
- (b) — butterflies flew around her.
- (c) Mary wished to know more of her . friends.
- (d) The fairies — by moonlight.
- (e) The trees hung — the cooling streams.
- (f) The flowers were — — changing their hues.
- (g) You must leave us — she comes back.

3. *Insert the necessary " quotes " :*

- (a) Think of me, said she, but beware how you tell what you have seen.
- (b) And who are you? said Mary one day.
We are what are called elves in your world, replied Gossamer.

4. Each numbered part of the story is called a paragraph. Notice that each paragraph tells a separate part of the story.

Write a paragraph about the Fairy Queen.

5. What did Gossamer tell Mary when she said farewell to her at the edge of the grove?

THE ELFIN GROVE. PART II

(i) LANGUAGE STUDY

1. *Words to be learnt :*

(a) memory	(b) homewards	(c) guard
piece	quite	floating
thread	quiet	fluttering
dwarfs	strange	carried
afternoon	mere	foresaw
wonder	silken	bewailed
husband	whole	wondered
instant	always	hastened
raven	restless	knew
tears	through	forgotten
search	blighted	playing
stalk	parched	thought
neighbours	sure	watched
noise	dried	saying
bustle	troubled	bearing
stories	sorrowful	screaming
bystanders	forbidding	flew
treasures	strange	laughing
fare	silvery	groaned
	treacherous	whistled
	daisied	

2. *Give the masculine words corresponding to :* bride, girl, queen, wife.

3. These words may be either masculine or feminine : neighbour, bystander, child.

Try to find some more words like them in this piece.

4. *What words could be used instead of:* odd, play-fellow, gloomy, thrive, bewailed, owed, hovered, mortal, treacherous, daisied?

5. *Divide these sentences up into Subject and Predicate :*

- (a) Mary found a piece of gold round Elfie's neck.
- (b) It will keep its freshness a whole year.
- (c) Gossamer set her gently on the ground.

(ii) COMPOSITION

1. Write down the names of all the people in this story. Begin each name with a Capital letter.

2. Now write down the names of some of your classmates.

3. *Rewrite in the singular :*

- (a) Little trees sprang up.
- (b) The cottages seem changed.
- (c) All the neighbours flocked round.

4. *Complete these sentences :*

- (a) The fairies were as light as —.
- (b) Mary's child was like
- (c) The fir-grove did not look so forbidding as —.

5. Write down what Mary's father said when she returned home.

6. Write two or three sentences telling why Gossamer changed herself into a raven and flew away.

THE FAIRIES

(i) LANGUAGE STUDY

1. *Words to be learnt :*

(a) babyhood	(b) gradually	(c) declared
Kensington	usually	cheated
Gardens	likely	pretended
attention	partial	attract
lilies	garish	frequent
bluebells	lively	wheel
crocus	famous	occupied
hyacinth	extraordinary	escaped
adventure	unfortunately	ruined
ground-ivy	terrified	complain
castor-oil	entirely	appointed
governess	many-coloured	elected
handcart	loveliest	
boarding-	royal	
school	inquisitive	
potting-shed	snubby	
opposite	twisty	
palace	million	
residence	tremendously	
worsted	frightfully	
policeman	ignorant	
differences		
beginning		
Christmas		

2. *Place suitable adjectives before these nouns :* flower, plan, adventure, gowns, opposite, glasses, folk.

3. Give the masculine corresponding to: mothers, a girls' school, she, governess, queen.

4. Join these pairs of sentences, using "and" or "but" as joining words, according to the meaning:

- (a) They dress exactly like flowers. They change with the seasons.
- (b) They like crocuses. They consider tulips garish.
- (c) They rush home. They tell their mothers they have had such an adventure.
- (d) They escaped in the night. There was a fuss about it.
- (e) You can see our houses by day. You can't see them by night.
- (f) They are very inquisitive folk. They press quite hard against the glass.

5. Divide into Subject and Predicate:

- (a) The fairies are like flowers.
- (b) The common people peep in.
- (c) The streets have paths on each side.
- (d) The youngest child is chief person.
- (e) She calls the roll.
- (f) The scholars never come back.

6. Use simpler words for those in italics:

- (a) Tulips they consider *garish*.
- (b) They are *partial* to a bit of colour.
- (c) They had an *extraordinary* adventure.
- (d) They are *inquisitive* folk.
- (e) They look *tremendously* busy.
- (f) They are *frightfully* ignorant.
- (g) The palace is the loveliest *residence*.

7. Give the plural of : fairy, governess, glass, postman, box, mistress.

(ii) COMPOSITION

1. Write sentences describing : (a) a fairy house, (b) a fairy street, (c) a fairy postman.

2. Fill in the blanks with suitable adjectives :

(a) Once they had an ——— adventure.

(b) “ Pity to lift ——— hyacinths.” (Don’t use the same word as the gardener did.)

(c) He put the ——— ——— things in five rows.

(d) There was a ——— fuss about it.

(e) The palace is the ——— residence.

3. Fill in the blanks with suitable adverbs

(a) You - forget.

(b) They - pretend to be flowers.

(c) They dress ——— like flowers.

(d) They skip along ——— lively.

(e) The best plan is to turn round ———.

(f) They were ——— surprised to find the bed ——— occupied.

4. Rewrite in the singular :

(a) The girls pretended to be hyacinths.

(b) The queens sometimes complain.

5. Complete the following sentences :

(a) A fairy is like

(b) The fairies were as frightened as ———.

(c) Their blues and reds and greens are like ———.

(d) The fairies look as busy as ———.

6. Write out from memory the conversation between the gardeners.

7. Kensington Gardens is the name of a fine park in London. Write out the name of your town or village and the county in which it is situated. Then write the names of five large towns in the British Isles.

A HORSE FAIR

(i) LANGUAGE STUDY

1. *Words to be learnt :*

(a) doubt	(b) amusing	(c) knuckle (= to
marsh	shaggy	give at the
accident	Welsh	knees)
blemish	braided	examine
unsoundness	handsome	reach
complaint	splendid	whistle
background	dejected	
pleasure	heavy	
bargaining	heavily	
trickery	useful	
buyer	rough	
tobacco	offhand	
business	flashy	
salesman	beautiful	
quality	comfortable	
thoroughfare	capital	
twilight	decided	
Governor		
coach-house		
sausage		
dumpling		
turnover		

2. *Add suitable adjectives to these nouns* : style, sight, horse, manners, look, feed, greeting, tone, voice.

3. *Attach suitable adverbs to these verbs* : feel, travel, smell.

4. *What words have the opposite meaning to these words* : doubt, unsoundness, background, trickery, buyer, amusing, handsome, splendid, useful, rough ?

5. Write out *in words* all the numbers from twenty to thirty.

6. What is the meaning of *No Thoroughfare* ? What words should we use nowadays instead of the words in italics ?

(a) Wash me *thoroughly* from my wickedness.

(b) They *fared* on their way.

7. Write down the *feminine nouns* corresponding to : horse, man, boy, father.

8. Write down the *plurals* of : marsh, blemish, salesman, coach-house.

9. Form *nouns* from these *adjectives* : sound, busy, rough, heavy.

10. Divide these sentences up into *Subject* and *Predicate* :

(a) The gentlemen turned from me.

(b) A loud-voiced man came next.

(c) The money was paid on the spot.

(d) We came into the great London thoroughfare.

(e) The gas lamps were already lighted.

11. Write down the names we give to people who live in : England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, Spain, Italy, Greece, Egypt, America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, China, Japan.

12. Give other words which mean the same as : complaint, dejected-looking, quick in his motions, to pull up.

(ii) COMPOSITION

1. *Write sentences describing :* (a) a good horse, (b) a poor horse, (c) a stable.

2. *Fill in the blanks with suitable adverbs answering the question "how" ?*

- (a) The man felt me —.
- (b) The little hand patted me —.
- (c) We travelled — along the road.
- (d) This set them all laughing —.
- (e) They examined the horses —.

3. *Study the conversations in this piece. Then rewrite these passages, putting in "quotes" where necessary :*

- (a) Well, old chap, he said, I think we should suit each other. I'll give twenty-four for him.
- (b) Halloo ! cried a voice, have you got a good one ?
- (c) Sausage dumpling and apple turnover, shouted the boy : this set them all laughing.
- (d) Harry, said father, open the gates.

REYNARD THE FOX

(i) LANGUAGE STUDY

1. *Words to be learnt :*

(a) court	(b) evil	(c) happened
subjects	sore	summoned
kinsmen	slyest	complain
trespass	mischievous	beseech
consent	rudely	relate
pudding	difficult	entered

(a) paws	(b) delicious	(c) shivered
panther	secretly	whined
prayers	woodland	chanced
badger	assembled	snatched
relative	melancholy	finished
defence	beautiful	devoured
sobbing	piteously	seized
procession	cackling	shield
bier	merciful	excuse
realm	henceforth	wringing
penance	false	hatched
hawthorn	fifteen	envied
damage	unreasonable	durst
counsel	hereunder	molest
murderer	shamefully	repented
justice	trusty	murmuring
tombstone	prudent	clucking
counsellors	crafty	lieth
messenger		mourn
liar		decide
hypocrite		summoning
		deceives
		beguiles
		relates

2. *Place suitable adjectives before*: fox, prince, meat-pudding, sobbing, hens, messenger, procession.

3. *What is the difference between*: (a) counsel and council; (b) bier and beer; (c) rain, rein and reign; (d) might and mite; (e) manner and manners; (f) devour and eat; (g) damage and damages?

4. *Give words of opposite meaning to*: merciful, defence, justice, rudely, trusty, prudent, false, mourn.

5. *Give the plural of* : kinsman, trespass, mercy, child, he, she, it.

6. *Give the feminine of* : fox, king, prince, tom-cat, sir, cock, uncle, son, he, lord, bear.

7. *Join these sentences together* :

(a) Grymbart tried to shield Reynard. He tried to excuse Reynard.

(b) Reynard had secretly come up. Reynard had snatched it from him.

(c) Reynard envied them. He durst not molest them.

8. *Divide into Subject and Predicate. Underline the "action words"* :

(a) He seized him by the throat.

(b) The cackling and weeping hens stopped before the King's throne.

(c) For a time he went away.

(d) The King turned to the Badger.

9. *Give other words which mean the same as* : kinsman, trespass, relate, on a sudden, durst, henceforth, assembled.

What should we say nowadays instead of "Good my Lord" ?

(ii) COMPOSITION

1. *Write sentences describing* : (a) Courtoys; (b) Coppen's tombstone; (c) Chanticleer.

2. *Fill in the blanks* :

(a) The woods were —.

(b) Reynard was the most — of his subjects.

(c) Dame Isegrim's children became —.

(d) I had — — sons.

(e) This complaint I make to you, — King.

What name do we give to the words you have used ?

3. *Rewrite in the plural :*

(a) She lies buried under this stone.

(b) She is shamefully come to her death.

(c) If the Fox deceives me, I shall have learnt my lesson badly.

4. *Write out in full the comparison implied in the word in italics :* He tried to *shield* his uncle.

5. Write a paragraph dealing with Tybert the Cat's complaint.

BOOK III

I. GENERAL INTRODUCTION

1. THE first two years ought to have given the class a grounding in the technique of Reading with Pronunciation and Expression. This year should mark a widening of the interest of the lesson. Reading as an Exercise should become more and more Reading as Literature. Even in the first two books the literary and æsthetic side has not been entirely neglected, but it has given way inevitably to the need for technical guidance and help. Of necessity the child, stumbling along through the difficulties of English pronunciation and spelling, lost to a great extent the intrinsic worth or beauty of what he was reading. By this third year he has, we may assume, learnt to read aloud with some intelligent expression. He is therefore in a fit state to appreciate, to think no longer entirely of words and spelling and pronunciation, but to become sensitive to thoughts and to recognise the beauty of phrase or sentence. In other words, the appeal of the lesson is no longer merely mental : it goes deeper and tends to become spiritual.

It is just this fact that makes the teaching of the third year more critical than the teaching of any other year in the School Course. You have the

child at his best, before the poetry (which is the essence of his life) has faded away in the light of a later "reason" and "intelligence," yet when, paradoxically, that same "reason" and "intelligence" are making the essential poetry a living vital thing. It is the time to capture or to lose the child. He still believes in Santa Claus and in fairies, even with the awakening reason and intellect. That spirit at least he must keep even if Santa Claus and the fairies go down into darkness until some later day. The appeal must be æsthetic—it must be of the beautiful, in thought, in word, in phrase, in sentence. Mere form is not enough. It does not matter that he is only a child of nine, and that to the teacher the saner mode of appeal is by bat and ball and top. That is true, happily; but it is also true that the child of nine *is* the poet, a being of an imagination quite beyond the teacher's, a being to whom Beauty appeals in whatsoever form it come.

It will be well, then, that the teacher should try to keep himself human, sympathetic, understanding, in this English lesson above all. He must forget syllabuses and inspectors for a little time while he gets to the *spirit* of wonder, imagination, poetry, that lies in his class. He cannot make that spirit evident: he can only guide and wait for its appearing; and it may be that appearing will be after many days.

2. METHOD

In the reading-lesson, special emphasis should constantly be laid on Expression. The child ought to be taught to make his reading express the characteristics of the passage being read,—wonder, beauty, excitement, sadness, fear. Dramatisation will help this. Let each child read a passage long enough for him to get personally interested in it. Never be afraid to break up the artificial divisions of the piece into paragraphs, for they are usually mere conveniences. Emphasis must, of course, still be laid upon actual pronunciation and articulation; but, if possible, time should be given to this apart from the real reading-lesson. The teacher must recognise that it may be the child with the worst pronunciation, or even the child that stumbles, who is, in reality, the best reader. Let the entire piece be read first, so that the child may get an idea of the passage *as a whole*, and thus may be able to appreciate correlation and arrangement of thought when later he comes to write composition of his own. All questions and explanations should follow the reading, and should, if possible, be subdivided as (i) *Technical*—Pronunciation, Spelling, Vocabulary, Grammar; (ii) *Literary*—the appreciation of the passage for its own sake. Silent reading will find a place in the year's work, as a preparation for oral and written composition on the reading matter, and, more important still, as a training for the child's private reading later. It is usually difficult for a child to read for the sake of reading, even when he is quite advanced, and any training in the class-room is to the good.

3. THE MATTER OF THIS BOOK

It will be useful for the teacher to have some systematised idea of the matter in this book. A suggested division and classification for correlative lessons is given below :

(1) *Animal Stories :*

- i. Jackanapes and the Duckling.
- ii. A Horse Fair.

- iii. The Deer's Escape.
- iv. Reynard the Fox.

First
Half-
Year.

Second
Half-
Year.

Correlate.

- i. Nature Study.
Geography.
- ii. Autobiographical
Composition.
- iii. & iv. Read *The Story of a Red Deer* (Macmillan) and *Reynard the Fox* (Macmillan, E.L.S.S.).

(2) *Fairy Stories :*

- i. The Elfin Grove (Grimm).
- ii. Thumbelina (Andersen).
- iii. The Fairies (Barrie).

- i. Other Grimm Tales.
- ii. Other Andersen Tales.
- iii. A talk on fairy-lore with folk-tales and legends. Localise if possible. Refer to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

(3) *Narrative :*

- i. I make my Dwelling-Place (Defoe).
- ii. A Narrow Escape (Reade).
- iii. Adventures on Coral Island (Ballantyne).

Some talk on the books and their authors, showing that the child is now in the real land of literature. Read further extracts.

(4) *Poetry :*

Poetry and Prose to be correlated in Subject-matter.

4. THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE READING-LESSON

(a) SPELLING

Some guidance for the treatment of spelling as an adjunct to the reading-lesson is given on pp. 159-162. (See § (β), under "Jackanapes," for detailed group classification.) During this year such classification should be done almost entirely by the child, with the minimum help from the teacher.

Dictation may follow two systems :

(i) The group system. Dictate (say) 25 words with systematised difficulties, and take special care that the corrections are done systematically and intelligently.

(ii) Dictation of continuous passages. See that the passages, without being difficult, have real style and beauty of language. Such passages may with profit be committed to memory. In this way the child may do something towards building up a little prose anthology of his own.

(b) COMPOSITION

(1) *Oral*(a) *Re-telling of Stories.*

Let the children tell in their own words some of the stories in this book. They should, at first, have plenty of time to "digest" the story; that is, its facts and even its details. Then ask one child to stand up and re-tell what he has read. Look for and insist upon :

(i) *Finished Sentences*, having their meaning perfectly clear. Ask the other children to put up their hands at anything they cannot understand. Try to

check, tactfully, the tendency to long "snaky" sentences in speech. It will help greatly in the later written work.

(ii) *Good Pronunciation.* "H"s and final "g"s and dentals. This for the sake of the child, and also as some aid to spelling.

(iii) *Order of Thought.* Show clearly to the class when a child begins (as he often will) in the middle of a tale.

(iv) *Proportion and Sequence of Thought.* Try to check the tendency of a child to seize upon some insignificant detail as the most important point of the whole story.

(v) *Vocabulary.* Do not discourage—rather encourage—the child's remembering some of the harder words of the original: only be especially careful that he uses them in their right sense.

(vi) *Grammar, Syntax, etc.* Correct instantly, referring to the other members of the class, any bad grammar in the speech of the teller of the story.

[Sometimes the conduct of the lesson may be changed: *e. g.*, the tale may be told in sections by various members of the class—a good exercise on attention and concentration: or the other children themselves may be the critics, and add any details that have been left out by the relater.—Bear in mind that a child's remembrance of the detail of any story is often a good guide to his inclinations or bent. Later in the year stories could be *read* to the class for re-telling, as a more rigorous test of memory.]

(β) *Learning by Heart.*

Let the class learn a number of short passages by heart for repetition. Frequent repeating of such

passages will give the child an idea of sentence construction, and, above all, of sentence rhythm, and should help considerably to mould his own ideas of the sentence. Suitable passages may be taken from any of the children's classics; or from this book. A useful book for the teacher would be Treble's *Shorter Prose Passages* (Oxford Press). The teacher should insist upon clear, intelligent, word-perfect repetition. A halting or imperfect recitation would be worse than useless.

(γ) *Oral Exercises in Vocabulary, etc.*

Ask for words to describe various things in the classroom, in the street, etc. Let this be a quick exercise. Warn every child that he must think quickly, or he will miss his turn. Mention the name of such words—*adjectives*. Continue for other parts of speech; *e. g. adverbs*. Let one boy do an action in some particular way which the class must indicate by one word, etc. For *nouns*, ask the class for names of six *insects*, six local *streets*, six *birds*, six *flowers*, etc. For *verbs*, let the class fill in the blank in such sentences as (to be written on the blackboard) :

The man — into the air.

The bird — away to warmer lands.

The sun — in the morning.

Elijah — the widow's son from the dead.

Jack — in bed all day.

Slowly and sadly we — him down.

[Incidentally the old eternal difficulty of *rise* : *raise* ; *lie* : *lay*, might be taught straightway.]

It is generally better to leave spelling to the written work. Phonetics are a very doubtful

quality in the teaching of English spelling; and a child is easily led away by sound.

(2) *Written*

(a) *Selection and Arrangement of Thought.*

This is the essential of this year, in preparation for the time when the children will write complete "compositions" of their own.

(i) Show that, in a given story, there are *main* thoughts: thoughts that stand out above all the others. They are like the mountain-peaks on the Story plain. Show by a picture, and illustrate from a story they will all know, or, *e. g.*, from a piece in this book:

I Make My Dwelling Place.

WHAT I SAW
FROM THE TOP
OF THE HILL

THE FIRING
OF
THE GUN

THE FINISHING
OF THE SECOND
RAFT

THE MAKING AND
PROVISIONING OF
THE HUT



THE LAST THINGS
FROM THE SHIP

DISAPPEARANCE
OF THE SHIP

FORTIFICATIONS

SHOOTING WITH
THE GUN



Let the children do the same thing with a story in this book, or with some well-known story like "Dick Whittington" or "Red Riding Hood."

Mark rigorously, showing the child when he has let detail into his picture.

[Detail can be explained during this year as the “plain” part of the story : but it is wiser, perhaps, to omit any classification of detail just now. Encourage the child’s instinct for detail *in another lesson* : first of all he must learn to recognise the important things.]

Afterwards he can put down his own important thoughts about any given simple subject in the same way. Give a subject like “My Journey Home” or “Winter Time.” Order of thought will come next. Tell the class of the very non-fictitious boy who kills Napoleon off before he has allowed him to be born ; and quote the tragic history of Solomon Grundy *backwards* :

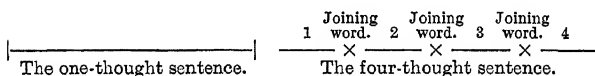
Solomon Grundy
Buried on Monday,
Died on Tuesday,
Worse on Wednesday,
Ill on Thursday,
Married on Friday,
Christened on Saturday,
Born on Sunday,
That’s the beginning of Solomon Grundy.

This needs no enlargement—the children will see the point of it at once. Let them copy in script (with a picture, perhaps) the Solomon Grundy rhyme, both properly and backwards : it should be a good object-lesson for them to keep in the ordering of thought.

(β) The Writing down of Thoughts.

There should be no complete compositions written this year.

Concentrate on the sentence. Point out that the simplest kind of sentence is the writing down of one thought: but do not, on any account, restrict the child's sentences to the simple type. His thoughts generally run together in twos or threes or fours, and he will join them naturally, if a little awkwardly. No set work on conjunctions, relatives, etc., need be done this year, but the necessity of joining words, when two or three thoughts are put together, must be insisted on. Illustrate by a picture or a diagram:

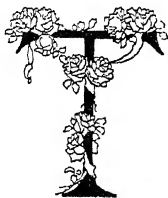


[Let them draw an engine with carriages, etc.]

Next introduce simple punctuation; particularly the capital letter and the full-stop. Careful reading should illustrate to the child the various pauses, dropping of voice, etc., for commas and full-stops. But do not emphasise the comma overmuch; it is apt to become a fetish with older children, and at best it is an annoying and somewhat superfluous stop. The question mark may be introduced and the simplest use of "quotes." In the earliest stages of "quotes" it is better to use brackets (in the French way). A child understands more easily the inclusion in brackets of actual words spoken. Then "quotes" will follow naturally.

At first the children might be encouraged to make

a picture of capitals, as in old printed books and ancient MSS. Examples of ornamented Capitals are given below :



The children will have all been in an obstacle race. Let them think of commas as the little obstacles and the full-stop as the winning-post.

Various spelling-classifications are given in the notes to the pieces. Remember always that spelling is, in English, rather a matter of *eye* than of *ear* : and always insist on words for spelling being written out in best script. Correct rigorously. Dictation is no good without rigorous correction. Let the children *see* one another's mistakes.

(γ) *Grammar.*

During this year the Verb, Adverb and Preposition. For treatment, see under individual pieces.

(δ) *Expression.*

Dramatisation

Action

Pictures

Diagrams

See individual pieces.

POETRY

THE teaching of Poetry to young children is difficult and the result of successful teaching particularly gratifying. Even to the child, poetry is a matter of appreciation of the individual: he can never be made to like (and we wish we could add, never to dislike) any particular poem. It is well, therefore, if the teacher's remarks on the poems are of the slightest, being intended to guide the child's thought rather than to fix it. Let the actual reading be natural, without any comment at all. Rhythm can be taught separately. Above all, avoid anything technical in connection with poetry—spelling, grammar, syntax, etc. Poetry must be read purely for delight.

A few detached hints on the treatment of individual lessons are given; but to a poetry-lesson, where *imagination* plays so large a part, the teacher must bring the whole wealth of his own to bear, and should consider the hints here given as useful only because they emanate from another teacher's experience.

Let each child select the poems he really likes. Do not trouble him with the others. Of course, this splits the class; but it is absurd to think of teaching a CLASS poetry. YOU MUST DEAL WITH THE INDIVIDUAL. Remember always that you may utterly ruin a child's appreciation of poetry by forcing on him a poem he does not like.

With young children a sense of RHYTHM must come first in the distinction between poetry and prose. This will be difficult to teach, because there is the trap of "sing-song" reading and repetition.

Use the piano to show that poetry is like music with its "beats." Afterwards, allow the children to dance to your playing. Remember that all poetic rhythm has its origin in the dance, so that you are really going to the foundation of things. The teacher should search out for himself peculiarities of rhythm to show to the class. Exaggerated examples will provide good illustrations of the whole idea.

The idea of RIME will be easily grasped by the children after a simple explanation. Try to get hold of strange and peculiar rimes to enforce the explanations. Such peculiar rimes can be got, for instance, from the Underground Railway rimes usually posted on stations: "A for the," etc. A good example of such an Alphabet rime which would interest the children was published in the *Saturday Westminster Gazette* in June 1918. It could doubtless be had on application to the *Westminster Office*, Shoe Lane, E.C. See also Hans Andersen's *The A.B.C. Book*. Perhaps the old rime "On Cutting Nails" will be useful, if a better illustration cannot be had:

Cut them on Monday, you cut them for health;
Cut them on Tuesday, you cut them for wealth;
Cut them on Wednesday, you cut them for news;
Cut them on Thursday, a pair of new shoes;
Cut them on Friday, you cut them for sorrow;
Cut them on Saturday, you'll see your true-love
to-morrow;
Cut them on Sunday, you'll have ill-luck all the
week.

Be careful to point out to the children, even at this early date, that rime is not necessary to poetry. Read them a piece with "beat," but no rime. An extract from "Hiawatha" will serve admirably.

The fundamental idea of poetry cannot yet be taught. For the present, the superficialities of written poetry must be dealt with. It has already been pointed out that the child's imaginative faculty must be kept alive: materialism in teaching must not be allowed to destroy his instinct for poetry. Keep the child a poet: let his imagination have full scope. Make the most of a poem like "Melmillo." It will be afterwards that the child will learn that while he believes in fairies he *is* a poet. Let poetry be "the music of words." Let each child pick out beautiful words and phrases from the poems he likes. Point out, but do not overdo, examples of alliteration and of onomatopœia. If this is overdone there will be trouble later on.

Do not make a fetish of learning by heart. A child will instinctively learn by heart a poem he really likes. Do not encourage class-repetition, with its sing-song inanity, which will reduce the finest poetry to the level of the multiplication tables.

II. THE LESSONS: PROSE

1. JACKANAPES AND THE DUCKLING

(a) TECHNIQUE OF READING, PRONUNCIATION, ETC.

[SEE General Introduction to this book.]

There are one or two long involved sentences in this passage, which will need special care and guidance in the reading-lesson. § 1. "She had been . . . ever reared." Explain the parenthesis, and show clearly the use of the correlative conjunctions "whether . . . or." § 2 contains an odd, awkward construction for a child—"such an ungainly walk as she knew no other instance of." Explain the relation of *such* and *as*, and point out the preposition at the end. § 3 has an awkward inversion—"do or cluck what the speckled hen would." § 4 is rather long and involved, and in § 6 we have another parenthesis.

Note the exclamations in the reading aloud, and try to bring out, through the child, what may be called the three "atmospheres" of the piece. §§ 1-3, Descriptive; §§ 4-8, Narrative (Action); § 9, Reflective. [See *infra* under Composition.] For pronunciation see under Spelling and Vocabulary.

(β) SPELLING AND VOCABULARY

There is a number of long and difficult words in this passage which will need (i) careful pronunciation by the teacher to the class; (ii) spelling by the class, both on paper and orally; (iii) careful and vivid explanation by the teacher.

Special words for Spelling and Pronunciation :

(a) *Long and difficult words.* These should be copied in script writing by the children, the difficulties being underlined.

remembered : Start with *remember*. Show that there is no doubling of *r* when the *-ed* is added. Warn the class of carelessness which would tend to omit the second *em* (rember).

comfortable : Build the word : its make-up will be clear and the spelling is phonetic.

monstrous : Show how this word is made from *monster* (monsterous—monstrous). Give other adjectives in *-ous* : they are important.

solitary : This word is phonetic except for the single *l*, which should be pointed out.

deliver : One *v* (not *delivver*).

becoming : One *m* (not *becomming*). Show *become*.

energy : One *n* (not *ennergy*).

vigorously : cp. *monstrous* above. At the same time teach *vigour* and point out the change that comes to it when *-ous* is added.

behaviour : Note the three vowels, *i*, *o*, *u*.

enabled : Build the word and note one *n*. Cp. *deliver*, etc., above.

top-heaviness : Build from *heavy*, showing the change that has come to the *y*.

prey : Give sentences with *pray*.

escaped : A phonetic word. Show that *c* is hard.

wouldn't : For *would not*. Give other contracted words.

(b) *Words with strange Vowel sounds.*

motherly (o = u).	becoming.
one (u, with w before it).	movement (o = oo).
other	washing (a = o).
loved.	

Note carefully the *ou* and *ea* words, with their varying pronunciations of the vowel sounds :

(i) <i>ou</i> .	(ii) <i>ea</i> .
out	round
proud	year
trouble	mount
monstrous	courage
vigorously	season
	reared
	heaviness
	tears.

(c) *Strange Consonant sounds.*

- (i) *t = sh*.
 patience (cp. *patients*).
 direction.
- (ii) *c = sh ; s = zh*.
 unusually.
 delicious (show the *i* following the *c*).

NOTE.—Show soft *g* before *i* and *e* :

obliged
 engine (not in this piece)

and hard *g* before *a*, *o*, *u* :

again
 vigorously
 began (but mention that the *g* has become hard in *begin*).

In the same way choose (or let the class choose) examples of hard and soft *c*.

(i) <i>k</i> .	(ii) <i>gh</i> .	(iii) <i>c</i> (medial before <i>k</i>).
knocked	high	knocked
knew	delightful	speckled
	might	chick
		(contrast <i>direct</i>).

(e) *qu*. Remember that *q* is always followed by *u*.
quite oblique

dummy	grabbed	waddling
dumpiness	cheeped	ripples
bobbing		

The pronunciation of these words should be careful —not *-el* or *-ul*. The sound is a real liquid.

addle	ripple	waddle
addle-d	draggle-d	waddl-ing

Plan. Some idea of a plan has already been pointed out in connection with the Technique of Reading. Develop this. Show that the piece is composed, as it were, of three sections :

- i. The Introduction or Explanation. Birth and description of the odd duckling. §§ 1-3.
- ii. The Action part of the story. Central figures, Jackanapes and the Postman. §§ 4-8.
- iii. The Result or Ending. The picture of what the Postman saw. § 9.

Impress this sense of *plan* on the child, and let him write the story in sections (*i. e.* paragraphs) :

- i. Description of the duckling.
- ii. Chase of the duckling by Jackanapes.
- iii. The scene at the pond.

In Punctuation, insist on the use of the full-stop at the end of a thought or train of thoughts joined together. Illustrate such a train of thoughts from § 1, showing the joining links *but, and, and whether, and, or, or, but, and*. This will be an introduction to a later talk on the construction and build-up of sentences. Draw pictures and let the children picture. Point out the use of the parenthesis and exclamation mark.

(8) GRAMMAR

A talk on the verb, the action word, with examples from this piece. Take the words of *pure* action as an introduction to the verb, keeping preferably to simple tenses. The treatment of *tense*, etc., in detail will come later.

NOTES FOR A LITTLE TALK ON THE VERB

- i. *The General Work of the Verb.*

Illustrate on the blackboard by means of pictures, etc., thus :



The man runs.

What does the man do? He *runs*.

Runs is the word telling the man's action.

It is the "doing" word, and is called a *Verb*.

Repeat for other actions: *climbs*; *sings*; *fights*, etc.

Let the children draw pictures to illustrate other doing-words, writing in script the same type of explanatory note.

ii. *The Tense of the Verb.*

Tense, as far as it concerns merely the *time* of the action, may be simply explained this year. Tell the children to do a simple action, *e.g.*, "take up pens." When are they doing it?—*Now, to-day*. Have they ever done it before?—*Yes, yesterday*. Will they do it again?—*Yes, to-morrow*.

Their action, then, may take place at different times, represented by

YESTERDAY

TO-DAY

TO-MORROW

The action that was done yesterday is *Past*.

The action that is done to-day is *Present*.

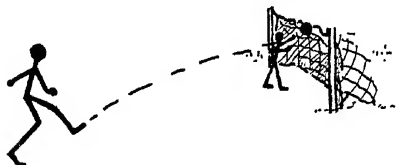
The action that will be done to-morrow is *Future*.

Show in a picture:



Everything on the left of the PRESENT line is PAST, and is in darkness; everything on the right of the PRESENT line is FUTURE, symbolised by the rising

sun. Then show how the verb changes for the different *times* or *tenses*.



Tom kicked.
Past.



Tom kicks.
Present.



Tom will kick.
Future.

Let the children draw pictures to illustrate other actions, with their *times* or *tenses*.

[A delightful picture-study in Verb-Tenses was published in the *Punch* Almanac for 1921, and would well repay the study of the teacher who wishes to introduce a little topical humour into his grammar work.]

iii. *Mood of a Verb.*

The definition of *mood* is difficult, and should not

be attempted. But three little diagrams or pictures will convey the idea to children of this age.

(a) The verb that tells of *certain* action: the *definite, pointing* verb.



INDICATIVE MOOD.

(b) The verb that tells of *uncertain* action: the *wishing, hoping, fearing, indefinite, wobbly* verb.



SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.

(c) The verb that *commands*; that *shouts* at you like a sergeant-major.

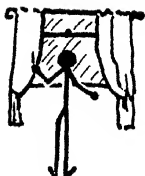


IMPERATIVE MOOD.

Show examples of each mood.



I go.—INDICATIVE.



I may go—if it leaves off raining.—SUBJUNCTIVE.



Stand at ease.
IMPERATIVE.

iv. *Transitive and Intransitive.*

These terms should not be used, but the term *object* may be explained simply, and the fact pointed out that sometimes a verb has no object. There must always be a *doer* of the action. Give some examples on the blackboard of actions and their doers. Sometimes the action passes from the doer on to something or somebody :

E. g.,

I am the doer.

hit is the verb.

Tom is the "somebody" who has the action done to him.



I hit Tom.



Jack kicked the football.

Jack is the doer.

kicked is the verb.

the football is the "something" which had the action done to it.

That "somebody" or "something" on to which the action is passed is called the *object* of the verb. Some verbs do not have an object.



I sit down.



I walk quickly.

[NOTE.—The teacher will probably find the crude pictures above very useful for blackboard work, especially if he himself is no draughtsman. Let the children, however, draw their pictures in their own way.]

(c) EXPRESSION

Let the children draw pictures of the duckling (from § 2); the postman (from § 4); the scene at the pond (§ 9). Look particularly for the child's *sense of detail*, ignoring the crudeness of his pictures.

The piece may be dramatised quite simply, with one of the smallest children for the duckling.

ORAL EXERCISES

1. Imagine you are the Speckled Hen. A Plymouth

Rock pays you a visit. Tell her about the trouble you have had with your chick.

2. If you were the Postman, what would you tell Miss Jessamine when you brought the baby home?

3. What is your opinion of the Postman? Give your reasons.

I MAKE MY DWELLING PLACE

(a) TECHNIQUE OF READING, ETC.

FOR actual reading this passage is straightforward, and the simple direct style of Defoe should make its appeal to the child. A few words will need special guidance in pronunciation: *e. g.* innumerable, environed, tarpaulin, subtle. One or two archaisms of style may cause the child a little trouble, and in such difficulties he should be helped: *e. g.* "to my very great comfort" § 4; "but I was gotten home" § 9; "difficuldest" § 18. Explain the compass point symbols in § 13.

(β) SPELLING, VOCABULARY, ETC.

Deal with the spelling as outlined already in the Notes to the preceding piece, always remembering that it is often not the long word that trips the child, but the familiar word that looks easy.

A number of words must be explained, *e. g.* :

environed : Illustrate with a map of any large city and its environments.

carrion : Vile, unfit for food. Connect with "carrion crow."

posture : Same word as "position."

gotten: Point out that this is an old form of "got"; cp. "ill-gotten gain."

semi-diameter: Illustrate with compasses.

optics: Eyes. Illustrate from "optician."

pale: § 19, fence, boundary, as in "beyond" or "within" the pale.

Some archaic turns of phrase will also need explanation, *e. g.*, "to my very great comfort," § 4. It will do no harm to point out to the class the dignified beauty of this phrase, often used also by Bunyan in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Mention the real meaning of "comfort" (Latin intensive *cum* + *fortis* = strong. "To comfort" really means "to strengthen").

"But I was gotten home," § 9.

"A place proper for this," § 12, where "proper" = suitable. Cp. § 1.

"I made me a large tent," § 16. "Me" = "for myself."

"While this was doing," § 19 = "while this was being done."

Some of the technical words, nautical phrases, etc., must be dealt with. A picture of an old ship might be useful. Get synonyms for some of the longer common words in the passage; *e. g.*, habitation, overtop, environed.

(γ) COMPOSITION, ETC.

The first aim of the teacher in dealing with this passage is to get the child to *appreciate* it—the style, the words, the aptness and simplicity of description.

(i) *Simplicity*. Point out that there are no useless or unnecessary words: every word fits in the description and narration. Instance such a direct and

“ finished ” piece of prose as the description of the building of the tent in § 5, or the pitching of the tent, with its rare beauty and simplicity, “ so that I was . . . near the setting,” in § 13. Both these passages might be learnt by heart.

(ii) *Narration* (*i. e.*, Story-telling). Notice how every bit of the story or description is told quickly and directly, without any waste of words. Everything is concrete.

(iii) *Preciseness*. There is no vagueness about the piece : every detail is told exactly (cp. §§ 7, 15, 16, and note the exact bit of observation in § 18). This leads to

(iv) *Truth*, or, at any rate, *Realism*. A child never quite believes that *Robinson Crusoe* is fiction. Read other passages from the book—there are plenty of them to illustrate this. Compare with *Robinson Crusoe* (i) *Gulliver's Travels*, (ii) *The Pilgrim's Progress*, both of which have that same atmosphere of *fact* about them—an outcome of their perfect directness and simplicity of style. Read extracts from *Gulliver's Travels* and *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and talk about the authors of the books. This will make a useful foundation for later work.

In Composition with this passage as basis, forego the idea of *plan* for the time, and concentrate on what we may call “ style.” The boys will appreciate the piece better than the girls will ; and a good seam for compositions should be their personal experiences of camp or outdoor life. Insist on directness and simplicity of description. A paragraph (see General Introduction) should be the unit of composition. Other topographical and geographical subjects might be treated in the same way.

(δ) GRAMMAR

The Verb. See special note under "Jackanapes." The usual tense in this passage is past, which will give a good foundation for the teaching of tense.

(ε) EXPRESSION

(i) *Pictures*. This is an admirable passage for the picture, for it appeals to the draughtsmen in the class. There is the plan of the encampment and, to the imaginative child, the hill sloping to the sea, and the setting sun.

(ii) *Action*. If plasticine work is still done, the entire scene might be modelled. The piece, of course, does not admit of dramatisation.

(iii) *Correlation with Geography*. Lesson on the Mariner's Compass, based on § 13, and a map of the land, partly imaginative, might be drawn.

ORAL EXERCISES

1. Put yourself in Robinson Crusoe's place. Tell the class :

- (a) How you got to the ship.
- (b) The useful things you found on it.
- (c) The site you chose for your dwelling and your reasons for the choice.
- (d) Your adventures while shooting.

2. Do you think Crusoe was a brave man? Give your reasons.

3. If you were wrecked on an island, what would be the chief things you would do?

THUMBELINA

[THE Notes on the first two pieces—"Jackanapes and the Duckling" and "I Make My Dwelling-Place"—contain any necessary suggestions regarding the technical part of the work. They will make a foundation for the technique of the lessons : Reading Aloud, Pronunciation, Spelling, etc.]

This is a strange, fanciful story, very beautifully told. At the first reading, try to get the child to appreciate this. Without any pedantic or dogmatic hints attempt to guide him into the delicacy of description and the fancy of Thumbelina's bed and playground, § 4; the vivid picture of Thumbelina on the "great green leaf," § 9; the compassion of the fishes, §§ 11, 12, and the quaintly humorous touch "for he was a sedate man," § 24. In other words, this is a piece admirably calculated to bring out the child's appreciation of quaint beauty, the strangeness of little things. He should be allowed to revel in the fairy conception of animals. Of himself, probably, he will sum up the characteristics—the *ugliness* of the toad, the *callousness* and *changefulness* of the cockchafer, the *kindness* of the field-mouse, the *love* of Thumbelina herself.

Beyond this, encourage the child to appreciate the *nature* of the piece. See §§ 18, 19, especially : "It began to snow . . ." to end; the description of the dead swallow, § 26; and a bit of "scientific" Nature in "The mole took a piece of decayed wood in his mouth, for that glimmers like fire in the dark," § 26. Mention in this connection some of the Fairy-Nature legends that abound in all mythologies, *e. g.*,

mushrooms as the fairies' tables (see *Nature Myths*, by F. Holbrook, Harrap & Co., which might well be read to the class this year). Read other stories of Tom Thumbs and dwarfs, and do not forget the Lilliputians.

The end of the story has some pathos, §§ 40-45; an additional bit of *human* interest to the child (the prince and Thumbelina, §§ 51-54); more nature fancy (§ 40, the spiders; § 50, the fairy of the flower). Connect up with these more Nature myths, *e. g.*, of the seasons (cp. Thumbelina's change of name>Maia). All these things, after some preliminary guidance, the child should be left to appreciate for himself.

A talk on Andersen might follow the reading of the passage; but it will be better, probably, to read the three fairy tales in the book before any study is made of their authors. Then they may be taken together—Andersen, Grimm, Barrie—and it may be that the characteristics of their tales will reveal the nationality of the three writers.

NOTES FOR A TALK ON HANS ANDERSEN

Born in 1805 in the town of Odense in Denmark. Son of a poor cobbler who read books to Hans while he was still a boy. Education very irregular: his nervous, highly-strung nature prevented his regular attendance and progress at school. Strange imaginations while he was still at school. His father died when Hans was eleven years old. After his father's death he went to seek his fortune in Copenhagen. Writer of novels and dramas which are now forgotten. During this time he wrote his famous fairy tales. He was always poor. He never married, and

so never had children of his own to whom he might tell his wonderful stories.

COMPOSITION AND EXPRESSION

Here will be an admirable opportunity for developing the fancy of the child. Give exercises in fanciful nature, remembering that it is never difficult for a child to see frost-pictures, and that Jack Frost is as yet by no means a mere myth. Fanciful poems, such as the fairy poetry of Miss Fyleman, will almost certainly appeal.

Pictures and Dramatisation.

ORAL EXERCISES

1. Tell how Thumbelina was born.
2. Describe what happened to Thumbelina in the brook.
3. Imagine you are Thumbelina. Tell the prince about your adventures with the field-mouse.
4. Tell how Thumbelina got away from the mole.
5. What is your opinion of the cockchafer? Give your reasons.
6. What do you think the mole and the field-mouse said to each other when they found that Thumbelina was gone?
7. Would you have liked Thumbelina to marry the toad? Give your reasons.

THE DEER'S ESCAPE

IN the reading of "The Deer's Escape," try to get the class to appreciate the atmosphere of breathlessness and hurry that lies about it—the excitement of the

chase, the gradual tiring of the deer, the hounds following up relentlessly, the open heather and the streams. Children who have been to such places as Dartmoor will realise this and will be able to help the others to imagine the scene.

Try to get the children to appreciate such word-pictures as :

- (i) Up he jumped . . . as he rose. § 2.
- (ii) When he gained the top . . . met the sky. § 4.
- (iii) § 5.
- (iv) § 6.
- (v) At last he reached . . . strength and hope. § 9.
- (vi) Down and down . . . refuge at last. § 11.

Any of these six passages is suitable for repetition. Show the vivid significance of such words as *canter*, *wheel*, *breasted*, *coil* (of grass), *combe*. This last word should be explained geographically. It means a "hollow" or "valley," and occurs frequently in place-names, especially in the south-west of England.

Possibly the whole *Story of a Red Deer*, or at any rate other portions of it, could be read to the class : it would be well worth the time spent. (*The Story of a Red Deer*, J. W. Fortescue. Macmillan.)

ORAL EXERCISES

1. Describe what a hunt looks like.
2. Imagine you are the Red Deer. Tell briefly the story of your escape.
3. What is your opinion of the hind? Give reasons for what you say.
4. Imagine you are the man on the white horse. Describe the hunt as you saw it.

ADVENTURES ON CORAL ISLAND

THIS extract is quite straightforward and needs little comment. A few long words will need explanation—such as customary, precaution, sociable; and the opening metaphor of the passage might form a basis for some talk on metaphor in general. Of course the word “metaphor” need not necessarily be used.

The description of the waterspouts will provide suitable material for a geography-lesson.

The boys of the class especially will appreciate the spirit of lone adventure about the description. Refer to the passage from *Robinson Crusoe*. Possibly, even, the child might be led into an appreciation of the difference between the direct vivid style of Defoe and the colloquial (rather slipshod) style of Ballantyne. Readings of other extracts from *Coral Island* should follow.

The piece leaves no opportunity for dramatisation, but pictures can be drawn as usual.

For composition see Exercises.

ORAL EXERCISES

1. Imagine you are Peterkin. Tell how you saw the waterspouts, and what you thought was the cause of them.

2. Describe how you would get and cook your food if you were on a desert island.

3. “Who laughs last laughs longest.” Tell a story which illustrates this old proverb.

4. What is your opinion of Peterkin and his weapons?

5. Subject for dumb show: The lighting of a fire by means of a burning-glass.

A NARROW ESCAPE

The Cloister and the Hearth is written in a quick, nervous style that never fails to attract children, and excerpts from it always appeal. The one printed here contains a complete adventure, and will delight the class. After the first reading (during which see that the "vim" necessary to this type of narration, and the emphasis essential in the conversational parts are not lacking), an outline of the travels of Denys and Gerard might be given, and further extracts read, say, from *Gerard's Long Journey* in the Oxford Story Readers. Show the children the effect of the quick short sentences, *e. g.*, *terror* in § 10; *death* and *triumph* in § 12.

It will be well to remember, in dealing with an extract like this from a Classic, that the teacher's aim is to get the child to want to read the book itself. Such books as *Robinson Crusoe*, tales from Hans Andersen and from Grimm, *Coral Island*, etc., (from Herbert Strang's Library of Standard Books), together with Barrie's *Little White Bird* and *Reynard the Fox*, will form the nucleus of a school (or class) library which will supplement admirably the reading matter provided by this book.

ORAL EXERCISES

1. Imagine you are Gerard. Tell how the cub was killed.
2. Imagine you are Denys. Tell the story of Gerard's narrow escape from the she-bear.
3. Do you think Gerard was brave or cowardly? Give your reasons.
4. What do you think Denys was by profession?

Was Gerard's profession the same? Give reasons for your answer.

THE ELFIN GROVE

THERE is very little to say about this story. The class will almost certainly find it easier reading than the other two fairy tales, and so it should need little explanation. Probably comparison of the three tales in the children's minds will classify the fairies correctly, and will enable them to realise the difference between the purely fanciful fairy creatures of Andersen, the homely fairies of Barrie, and the less pleasant, rather gloomy "elves" of Grimm. Note, *e. g.*, the gloomy fir-grove (refer to the Black Forest) compared with bright Kensington Gardens or the flowers of Andersen. A little talk on the German temperament as revealed by Grimm, with illustrations from the Great War, might instruct and interest the children.

The little song should be learnt by heart. A musical setting has been specially composed by Rev. P. E. Hughes, M.A., Mus.B.

ORAL EXERCISES

1. Re-tell the story of Mary's finding the fairies.
2. Pretend you are the ferryman. Describe what you saw.
3. What do you think Mary's father and mother did during the seven years she was with the fairies?
4. Why did Mary not know that seven years had passed?
5. Do you think the elves were mischievous?
6. Why had the fir-grove a forbidding look?

THE FAIRIES

THIS piece may at first make somewhat difficult reading for the child, for even to the adult the quick nervous style of Barrie is apt to be a little disconcerting. But it is good for the class occasionally to have something to "bite on," and the compensating advantages resulting from a careful reading of the piece more than outweigh the drawbacks occasioned by any initial troubles. Probably the first paragraph will present difficulty in its abruptness and slight confusion of pronouns. It will be necessary to give the context before the child can properly understand the extract. This is a general rule: extracts are seldom quite intelligible to children without some explanation of the context.

After the initial reading, which must be most carefully done with concentration on sympathetic expression to sustain the perfect belief in fairies, some study might be made of this piece in connection with the other fairy tales in the book, *Thumbelina* and *The Elfin Grove*. Try first to obtain from the class some appreciation of the differences between this piece and *Thumbelina* which has been previously read; e.g., *Thumbelina* is more directly fanciful. The child will recognise this in that it requires greater imagination on his part to think of a being of the size of *Thumbelina*, to believe in animals speaking, etc., than to imagine that fairies pretend to be flowers and dress like them. In other words, Barrie's tale is English in its conception. Kensington Gardens, real tulips and bluebells, the girl's school, the gardeners, all give the thing a homely localisation. The Danish writer, on the other hand,

creates a new kingdom for his fairies. With simple guidance the child will easily grasp this idea—an important difference of temperament between English and Dane. On the other hand, get him to appreciate the connections: *e.g.*, the relations of flowers with fairies, in both *Thumbelina* and this piece.

A little talk by the teacher on Kensington Gardens, with the assistance, if possible, of a child who has been there, will help to localise the tale.

Some beauties of idea or style should not be missed :

(i) The tulips in § 2.

(ii) “After a long time they can’t help winking . . .”, § 3.

(iii) The story of the girls’ school will have too much whimsical humour for the child to miss. Let him appreciate to the full the absurdity of the picture of the girls and their mistress being carted to the potting-shed.

(iv) § 5 is an altogether delicate and beautiful touch.

(v) Don’t let the children miss the exquisiteness of “They are very inquisitive folk . . .” in § 6, or the perfectly delicate fancy of the baby’s laugh, the postman, and the fairy schoolmistress in § 7.

Certain phrases will need explanation, *e.g.* :

§ 2. They are partial to . . . ;

§ 2. garish (brightly coloured : instance “Lead, Kindly Light,” stanza 2);

§ 4. frequented by. Get at the meaning through “frequent.”

Suggestions for composition will be found in the

accompanying exercises. Dramatisation of this piece would be difficult. The illustrations in the book will be a considerable help, and will provide ample material for oral composition.

ORAL EXERCISES

1. Imagine you are the governess. Tell the story of the boarding-school fairies.
2. Now imagine you are one of the fairies, and tell the same story.
3. Tell the class what you think the fairy palace looks like.
4. What is your opinion of each of the two gardeners?
5. How would you like to live the life of a fairy?

A HORSE FAIR

THERE are no real difficulties in the reading of this piece. In the nature of things, most children know something of horses, even if a horse fair is out of their experience. Hence the extract should be of almost general interest, especially so because of its autobiographical nature. In order to sustain interest, the teacher might read, *e.g.*, the passages dealing with horses in George Borrow's *Lavengro* and *Romany Rye*, such as Chap. XVI in *Lavengro*; and for descriptions of a fair some of Thomas Hardy's Wessex Novels contain suitable passages (see, *e.g.*, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*).

The latter half of the passage, with its human interest, will provide special attraction for the child. See that the bit describing the striking of the bargain

(§§ 6-8) is read with spirit, and take care over the sections of dialogue at the end. This part can be dramatised and enlarged. Possibly a mock fair might be held on the lines indicated in the passage.

The extract will be an excellent model for autobiographical composition. Give the children various subjects to stimulate their imagination : *e. g.*, butterfly, desk. The accompanying set of exercises will be found suggestive.

Pictures as usual.

ORAL EXERCISES

1. Imagine you are the horse. Describe your journey from the fair to your new master's stable.

2. If you have a market or a fair in your town, describe some of the things you see there.

3. What is your opinion of (a) the man with the loud voice; (b) the new owner's wife and children; (c) the salesman?

4. Let three children act in dumb show the sale of a horse. One may take the part of salesman, and the other two may represent the buyer and the horse respectively. The rest of the class may take turns in describing the various actions.

REYNARD THE FOX

It will probably be somewhat difficult to get the children to appreciate the delicious humour of the mediæval tale of *Reynard the Fox*. The actual reading may occasion some difficulty. A slight archaism of expression, borrowed from the mediæval original, must be carefully explained if the child has

any difficulty as to meaning: *e.g.*, *trespass* in § 4 must be explained (refer to The Lord's Prayer); *durst* in § 12; *in which stood written*, § 13; *damage* (= sorrow, Fr. *dommage*), § 14.

A number of the incidents in this condensed narrative may be enlarged. Read extracts from *The Most Delectable History of Reynard the Fox* (ed. Treble, Macmillan). In particular, the children will want to know of Bruin's adventure with Reynard, hinted at in the last section of this piece.

A little talk on Mediæval Animal Romance might be interesting. Mr. Harvey Darton's *A Wonder Book of Beasts* (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.) will prove a veritable mine from which the teacher may quarry to his heart's content. The children may be referred to the fables of animals which they have read.

The story is full of mediæval fancy and animal legend: cp. *Æsop's Fables* and the *Bestiaries* of the Middle Ages, in which Vices and Virtues were pictured under the guise of real and fabulous animals. Contrast the story with the vivid fine piece of narration, dealing with natural animal life, in *The Deer's Escape*.

This is an admirable piece for dramatisation, and with some filling in from Treble's edition, a good class-room play could be constructed.

ORAL EXERCISES

1. Imagine you are Reynard. Describe the way in which you caught the chicks.

2. Pretend you are the dog. Tell what damage Reynard has done you.

3. The miller would think the cat was a thief. Do you think the lion would think the same?

4. Do you admire Reynard for his cleverness? Give your reasons.

5. Do you think that Bruin was the best messenger the King could have sent? Give your reasons.

6. Appoint a judge and a jury, and summon one of the class to appear before the court for some imaginary offence. Let the prisoner be tried. [Procedure for a mock-trial is detailed in Tomkinson's *The Teaching of English*, pp. 48-50. Oxford Press.]

7. Subject for dumb show : Bringing in the corpse of Chanticleer's child on the bier.

III. THE LESSONS: POETRY

LITTLE TROTTY WAGTAIL

THIS will be an easy poem to read. The most should be made of the tripping (if sometimes halting) metre. The metrical effect, suggestive of a little bird's frolic in water, might be compared with the subtler metrical effect in a poem like *Melnillo*. In this connection the whole question of metrical effect might be treated simply—for its rhythm is the first appeal of a poem to the child. A few familiar nursery rimes might be taken as examples of suggestive metre :

Simple Simon

Met a pieman. (Walking.)

Mary, Mary,

Quite contrary,

What does your garden grow? (Peevishness.)

Old King Cole

Was a merry old soul,

And a merry old soul was he.

(Quick : merriment and laughter.)

Apart from this, these verses are full of onomatopœia : twittering, tottering, waddled, pudge, waggle, chirrupt, dimpling. Obtain other examples from any poem the children may know, and see the Exercises to this piece.

Pictures as usual. The detail in the picture must be looked for. It is suggested, for example, by stanza 2, lines 2 and 4.

ORAL EXERCISES

1. What is a wagtail?

2. Where are wagtails usually found?

3. Give another name for a "pudge."

4. Why is "pudge" a better name than "puddle"?

[The name itself, by its sound, suggests more mud than "puddle" does. There is a suggestion of the sound made when the bird's feet are placed in or drawn out of the "pudge." Ask for other similar words, *e. g.*, squelch.]

5. Look at the word "nimble" in verse 3. As we usually speak, another word is required. What is it? [Show that poets, and even prose-writers, often get a better effect by using a word in an unusual way. This is an example.]

6. Why is the water-pudge said to be "dimpling"? Of what else could we use the word "dimpling"? [*E. g.*, corn stirred by a breeze on a summer's day.]

7. In line 10, if we put "wander" in place of "waddle," would it serve as well? Why not?

8. What is the great difference between this poem and Shelley's Song?

9. Try to give a short description of a swallow, like this description of the wagtail.

A DREAM

THE perfect and exquisite beauty of this little poem must make its own appeal to the child. Let the teacher read it first expressively, and then get as many children as possible from the class to read it *as a whole*. Point out tactfully the fine use of adjectives in stanza 2; the idea of "weaving" a shade in

stanza 1 (on a sunny day, with trees just outside the classroom, this should be easy); and explain the little difficulties of poetic diction: methought (st. 1), 'wildered (st. 2), wight (st. 4), hie (st. 5).

The poem should be learnt by heart, and more of Blake's *Songs of Innocence* might be read to the class.

ORAL EXERCISES

1. What kind of a person do you think is telling us about his dream?

2. Why do you think so?

3. Do you know of any Nursery Rime which says that Angels watch over children's beds?

4. What is an emmet?

5. In verse 2, who was it that was "Troubled, 'wildered and forlorn"?

6. In verse 2, what does the word "dark" refer to?

7. What does "benighted" mean? To what does "benighted" refer?

8. Make up a little sentence of your own containing the word "benighted."

9. Put another word in place of "travel-worn" (e. g., tired-out).

10. Does the poem tell you what had made the emmet "travel-worn"?

11. What did the father ant and the little ants do when they thought the mother ant was lost?

12. Have you ever seen people do this when they were uneasy about someone who was late?

13. Can you put two words in place of the two words "now" in lines 11 and 12, without spoiling the

sense? (*E. g.*, "First" . . . "then.") Do you like your words as well as the words "now" in the poem? Why not?

14. What is a watchman? Why is the glow-worm called the "watchman of the night"? What could the beetle be called?

15. What word could you put in place of "hie"?

16. Tell the story of the poem in your own words, as if you were the lost emmet.

ESCAPE AT BEDTIME

READ the poem to the class, emphasising to the full the tripping metre. Try to show or get the class to understand that in this poem we have a kind of starry mystery (st. 2) mingled with the things of everyday life (st. 1). The children should easily realise the idea of the stars staring down at them: remind them of any dark yet starlight night in the country. The somewhat odd simile in st. 1 lines 4-8 should appeal, and will serve as an admirable basis for some work on simile and metaphor.

A geography-lesson conveniently near the reading-lesson might be used to explain lines 1 and 2 of the second stanza.

ORAL EXERCISES

1. Why is the poem called "Escape at Bedtime"?
2. What is another word for the "name" of a poem?
3. The title of this poem is something more than a name. Can you tell what other use the title is in this poem? [It is a part of the story. We might had a portion of the poem telling that the child

who is speaking ran out of doors to escape going to bed; but the title saves this.]

4. Why does the poem, which is chiefly about the stars, mention the lights from the house as well?

5. Put two other words instead of "glittered" and "winked." Why is "winked" a very good word to use to describe the way the stars shone?

6. Do you know any of the stars mentioned in the poem? [Diagrams showing the positions of the Plough and the Hunter might be made. Children will readily recognise them.]

7. Would the pail really be half full of stars? Why did it seem to be so?

8. In line 13, who are "they"?

9. What do the last two lines mean?

A SONG

THERE is but one thing to do with this poem. The class must learn it by heart. Make no comment of any kind. The poem will be a treasure to the child evermore. If there is a setting to it, it might be sung.

ORAL EXERCISES

1. What kind of a song would you call this? [A sad song—a dirge.]

2. Notice how well the rest of the poem fits in with the first line.

3. Was it as silent in the country round the mill as it was on the top of Caldon Hill?

4. Do you think that later on it might become more silent near the mill? [Cp. frozen wind; freezing stream.]

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

THIS poem represents the type that children love best—the dramatic story-ballad. After the reading, let every child reconstruct the story for himself. A little oral (or even written) composition might be worked in. Try to give the class, through their own imagination, a picture of that wild scene—the stormy loch, the two figures, man and woman, and all the desolation of the ending. Show them that the middle part, *i. e.*, the coming of Lord Ullin, is theirs to imagine, and from that point out the characteristic of the ballad—the half-told tale. Give other examples, *e. g.*, Kingsley's *The Sands of Dee*, *The Three Fishers*, Scott's *Lochinvar*.

Several little difficulties will need explanation :

(i) The abrupt beginning is apt to confuse a child. A word of explanation will clear the confusion.

(ii) Stanza 2. Point out the omission of the relative.

(iii) Stanza 5. "Wight" has been explained in *The Dream*. Compare the two passages.

(iv) Stanza 6. "Bird" is the ballad-term often applied to fair ladies.

(v) Stanza 7. A *wraith* here refers to the ghost of some one drowned at the ferry. Refer the child to the legends of water spirits associated with rivers. Cp. Sabrina and the Severn in Milton's *Comus*.

In the second two lines of this stanza we have the most imaginative lines in the poem.

(vi) Stanza 14. The inversion in the second line will need explanation.

Pictures and, if possible, dramatisation. But beware of melodrama !

ORAL EXERCISES

1. In what country did the events described in this poem take place?

2. Why was Lord Ullin following hard after the Lord of Ulva's Isle; and why was the Lord of Ulva afraid lest Lord Ullin should catch him?

3. What was Loch Gyle? [Probably not a lake, but simply one of the long arms of the sea by which the west coast of the Highlands is intersected. Show map, and point out how quickly storms arise on these lochs, and how dangerous it would be for a small boat to attempt to cross in a storm.]

4. What is a glen?

5. (i) And fast before her father's men.

(ii) My bonny bride.

(iii) His horsemen hard behind us ride.

In these three passages notice there are words close together beginning with the same letter. This is very common in poetry, and at one time was much more common than it is to-day.

Can you find any other groups of words like this in the poem?

6. Why did the boatman decide to go? [Show that this was the true spirit which makes ballads and stories possible. A brave deed done for money or tangible reward is discounted.]

7. What made the waves white?

8. What other line above showed us that there was a storm on the waters?

9. Read the words, "This dark and stormy water." Now say, "This black wind-swept lake." Which line sounds more impressive, and makes the reader feel more cold and gloomy?

10. (i) He went forth into the dark cold night.

(ii) He went away into the black chilly evening.

Notice the more mournful effect obtained by means of the long vowels in the first.

11. What is a water-wraith? [Compare with the Kelpie and Banshee.]

12. What gave rise to the idea of the shrieking of a spirit?

13. What effect had the danger of his child on Lord Ullin?

14. What effect had danger on the daughter? Did she change her feelings?

15. What was the result of the father's promising to forgive the Lord of Ulva?

16. What kind of an ending to a story do you call this?

17. What name is given to a story the ending of which is sad?

18. Tell the story in your own words.

19. Tell the story as if you were the boatman.

20. In this poem the story is told partly by giving the exact words of people who spoke. How does it differ in this way from *The Fairies of the Caldun-Low*?

THE FAIRY SHOEMAKER AND THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW

THESE two poems may conveniently be treated together as dealing with a common theme, viz. the fairies in everyday life (cp. Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*). In the reading the chief thing is to emphasise the rhythm of Allingham's poem. Its

irregularity will help to eliminate any tendency to "sing-song." Explain *rath* = a burial mound; *Lupracaun*, a gnome in Irish fairy-lore (note that Allingham was an Irishman); *grig* = grasshopper; *buskins* are high boots; *brogues* are untanned Irish shoes.

Lines 7-14, 30-37, 54-61 are the *Lupracaun's* song which can be heard within the hill.

Two members of the class might read *The Fairies of the Caldun-Low* as a duologue.

Low in Southern dialect is the same as the Scottish *law* = hill. It is common in topography.

A *brownie* is a benevolent shaggy goblin which performs in secret household duties for those who are kindhearted themselves.

ORAL EXERCISES

The Fairy Shoemaker

1. What is a "rath"?
2. By what name do you call the "plaintive yellow bird"?
3. What does "plaintive" mean? Make up a little sentence of your own containing this word.
4. What does "sultry" mean? What is the opposite of "a sultry day"?
5. Who said the first four lines?
6. Who said, "Chary, chary, chary, chee-ee!"?
7. Who said, "Tip-tap, rip-rap,
 . . . Laughing at the storm"?
8. Say the word "click" aloud. What does it remind you of? Can you mention some other words, the sound of which is just like that of the thing they

are used to tell about? Is there any similar word in this verse?

9. If you were to see the Fairy Shoemaker, what ought you to do? Why?

10. Learn by heart the second part of the Shoemaker's song—"Big boots a-hunting . . ."

11. Why are the lines in this part of the song shorter than those in the rest of the poem? [To make them resemble the sounds of the hammer.]

12. What is a span? A miser? A crock? A cormorant? A grig?

13. What kinds of shoes are mentioned in this poem?

14. Tell in your own words the story of how the Lupracaun was caught and escaped.

15. Make up a story of a boy who caught the Lupracaun and did not let him go again until the elf had done something for him.

16. What are we told in verse 2 about the life of a cowboy? If the cowboy caught the Lupracaun, what would he do on a summer day? On what would he sup? Where would he sleep?

17. If you were a clever artist, could you draw a picture of the Fairy Shoemaker? Why would it be a fairly easy thing to do?

18. What words are used to describe the shoemaker? Think of three other words that might be used.

19. What is the difference between an elf and a fairy?

20. In the last verse, who said "Servant, sir!" and "Humph!"?

The Fairies of the Caldon-Low

1. What difference do you notice between the way this story is told and the way the story of *The Fairy Shoemaker* is told? [That this poem is in dialogue form may be impressed on the class by letting it be read by two children, one taking the part of the mother, and another of Mary.]

2. Who are the two speakers?

3. Do you know of any other poems written in this way? [Many Nursery Rimes, *e.g.*, "Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?"; "Mary, Mary, quite contrary"; some old songs, *e.g.*, "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"]

4. Why is mention made of the particular night on which Mary saw the fairies? [Refer to beliefs regarding Midsummer Night.]

5. Why do you think Mary's mother asked her what she had seen? [Probably Mary's manner showed she had seen something unusual. Cp. when a child has been frightened, or has done something naughty.]

6. Did Mary want to tell her mother what she had seen? Why do you say this?

7. "I heard the drops of the water made,
And the ears of the green corn fill."

What do these lines tell us about the top of Caldon-Hill?

8. What sort of fairies were these? Give other examples of fairies that do good turns for people [*e.g.*, Grimm's *The Elves and the Shoemaker*].

9. Do you know any stories about fairies that were mischievous? [*E.g.*, "Up the airy mountain, down the rushy glen"—Allingham. Read some of Robin Goodfellow's pranks in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.]

10. Are there any words in verse 10 that would help you if you were going to draw a picture of the miller?

11. What is mildew?

12. Can you put another word in place of *dank*? [There is really no other word so suitable. Give examples of other expressive words.]

13. What is "lint-seed"? Do you know any other word like "lint" which is the name of something connected with flax?

14. Can you tell of any other cases in fairy stories where people have, by their own act, lost benefit which they were to receive from fairies?

15. Compare the lines

(i) The mists were cold and grey.

(ii) How busy the jolly miller was.

Do you notice any difference in the sound? [Show that all the words in the first line are of one syllable, and bring out, by reading, the heaviness of the first and the lightness of the second.]

16. Tell the story of the poem in your own words as if you were Mary.

17. Make up a good deed which the fairies might have done, in place of the sowing of the lint-seed.

MELMILLO

It will be difficult to avoid spoiling this exquisite little poem. Some things must be explained: the broken phrases in stanza 1; the word "preen" in line 8; the inversion in the last line of stanza 1, and in lines 5, 6 and 10 of stanza 2. The rest of the poem

the class must be left to appreciate. Here are some points of appreciation :

(i) The beauty of the name Melmillo. Who was Melmillo? He seems to be a spirit-like mystery, calling and stealing in the darkness of the wood ;

(ii) The effect of the repetition of the word Melmillo, and the numbers in the first stanza. If possible the teacher should illustrate this fine effect by dramatic reading. A little improvised music might help matters ;

(iii) The weird description of Melmillo in the second stanza :

“ And with lean long palms outspread
Softly a strange dance did tread.”

Try to obtain the word *weird* from the class to describe this ;

(iv) The solitary dance at the end, and the repetition in *alone—lone*.

After the reading, try to get some imaginative pictures, no matter how crude. Was the moon up? Or was it quite dark? What effect would the elder and the willow give to such a woodland scene? How to picture Melmillo? Would the birds be looking on from afar at Melmillo's lonely dance?

ORAL EXERCISES

1. What do you think Melmillo was ?
2. If you were telling this story in prose, how would you write line 3 ?
3. Do you know any other story or poem or rime where the number of things gets gradually less, and we are told at full length how it happened ?

4. If you were a great artist and were going to paint a picture of Melmillo in the wood, what words in the first four lines of verse 2 would help you?

5. What is the usual meaning of "dusk"? What do you think it means here?

6. In lines 3, 4 and 5 of verse 2 we notice similarity to certain lines of "Lord Ullin's Daughter." What is the likeness?

7. What kind of music might Melmillo have had within the wood?

8. What kinds of trees were to be found in the wood?

9. Does this mention of the various kinds of trees to be found make the wood seem more vivid to you?

10. In the last line, look at the words "Danced alone." Who danced alone?

11. What word would you use to describe this poem? You would say "The poem is —."

A NURSE'S SONG

THE poem might be read first of all by the teacher, who should make quite clear, by voice inflection, the individuality of the speakers—the nurse and the children. Various members of the class should then be asked to read it, as a reading exercise. Afterwards the poem might be recited as a duologue.

In the original reading emphasise :

(i) the tripping metre; not of action, but like the babbling of a brook to lull to sleep;

(ii) the internal rimes in the first and third lines of each stanza;

(iii) the atmosphere of "dismissal" in the last

stanza, and the suggestion of liveliness in the last two lines.

Encourage some appreciation of the poem by questions like "To what season in the year does the poem refer?" Remind the class of the stillness of twilight on a spring or autumn night. There is a bit of light left after the sun (st. 2) has gone down. "What is the most vivid picture in the poem?"—"And the hills are all covered with sheep." Read another poem of quite a different kind, which gives the suggestion of sheep in twilight—Mr. de la Mare's "Nod" (in *Poems of To-day*, p. 77). The children possibly may not understand or appreciate it to the full; but it will give them the "atmosphere."

Pictures as usual.

ORAL EXERCISES

1. Why is this poem called a *Nurse's* song?
2. Who is speaking in stanza 2? Who in stanza 3?
3. What name is often given to a Nurse's Song?
4. Write down the words of a song that your mother sang to you when you were very tiny.
5. Which part, or which line, of this poem do you like best? Tell us why.
6. Which lines in the poem seem to you to describe (a) merriment; (b) quick movement; (c) evening-time?
7. Draw a little picture which might have as its title:

"Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all cover'd with sheep."

8. What is meant by "And all the hills echoéd"?

9. Think of the echo as a mocking fairy, and tell the class a little story about her. [The Greek story of Echo might be first told to the class.]

TO THE CUCKOO

THIS poem will delight the class. Let it be read with a strong tone of accusation. See that the emphasis is correct, *e. g.*, on the pronouns you, yourself. In stanza 5 let the element of indignant surprise come in; and, in the last stanza, as indeed throughout the poem, there should be plenty of action.

Now and then, when the flow of thought is somewhat broken, some explanation might be necessary: *e. g.*, in stanza 3 and in stanza 4.

A few questions on the cuckoo will stimulate the general interest: *e. g.*, the reference in the second stanza to the gradual "falling" of the cuckoo's note as spring advances might be enlarged upon.

The class might be told of the old idea of the cuckoo as a very sad bird with a mournful cry. A poem written before the time of King Alfred talks of the cuckoo as "the guardian of the summer-time, with its mournful voice." It might be interesting to quote the following Old English "Riddle" (about A.D. 600). The translation is literal.

"Me in those days my father and mother
Gave over as dead: there was no life in me as yet,
No movement within me. Then one began,
One very faithful to me, to cover me with feathers;

She held me and cherished me, she wrought for
me a protection,
Even as carefully as for her own children;
Until I, under that shelter (so was my nature)
Became a strong guest among those unrelated
to me.

Yet still the foster-mother fed me
Until I grew up, and might set my journeys
Farther afield. She had the fewer
Of her own children because she did so."

In stanza 6 there is, of course, this reference, and it would amuse the children to try to understand the references in the old poem translated above.

Another poem on the cuckoo by Rose Fyleman (published in *Punch* about July 1919 and afterwards in a collected edition, *The Fairy Ring* : Methuen & Co.) would delight the class. The cuckoo, according to this poem, was so evil a bird that the fairies shut him up in a clock for evermore.

The class might further copy out and learn by heart this pretty song :

" The cuckoo's a bonny bird,
She sings as she flies;
She brings us good tidings,
And tells us no lies.
She sucks little birds' eggs,
To make her voice clear,
And never cries ' Cuckoo ! '
Till the spring of the year."

ORAL EXERCISES

1. Do you think it is a boy or a girl that is accusing the cuckoo in this poem? Why do you think so?
2. How do you think the cuckoo got its name?
3. Can you tell of any other birds that have got their names in this way?
4. Do you think that what is said in this poem about the cuckoo is true?
5. Is the cuckoo a *sad* bird?
6. A cuckoo has put her little ones "out to nurse" in a hedge-sparrow's nest. Imagine a little conversation between the two birds.
7. Tell the class what you imagine the cuckoo is saying during spring-time.
8. Draw a picture of "the little bird that told me this."

ADDITIONAL POEMS

THE TIGER

TIGER ! Tiger ! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes ?
On what wings dare he aspire ?
What the hand dare seize the fire ?

And what shoulder, and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand forgèd thy dread feet ?

What the hammer ? what the chain ?
In what furnace was thy brain ?
What the anvil ? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp ?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see ?
Did He who made the Lamb make thee ?

Tiger ! Tiger ! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

W. BLAKE.

THE FAIRIES.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men ;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together ;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather !

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam ;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits ;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkil he crosses,

On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone,
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As to dig them up in spite,
He shall find the thornies set
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;

Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap
And white owl's feather !

W. ALLINGHAM.

THE SANDS OF DEE

“ O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee; ”
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land :
And never home came she.

“ Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drownèd maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea ?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee.”

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

C. KINGSLEY.

